April 26, 1949

The Reporter

A fortnightly of facts and ideas

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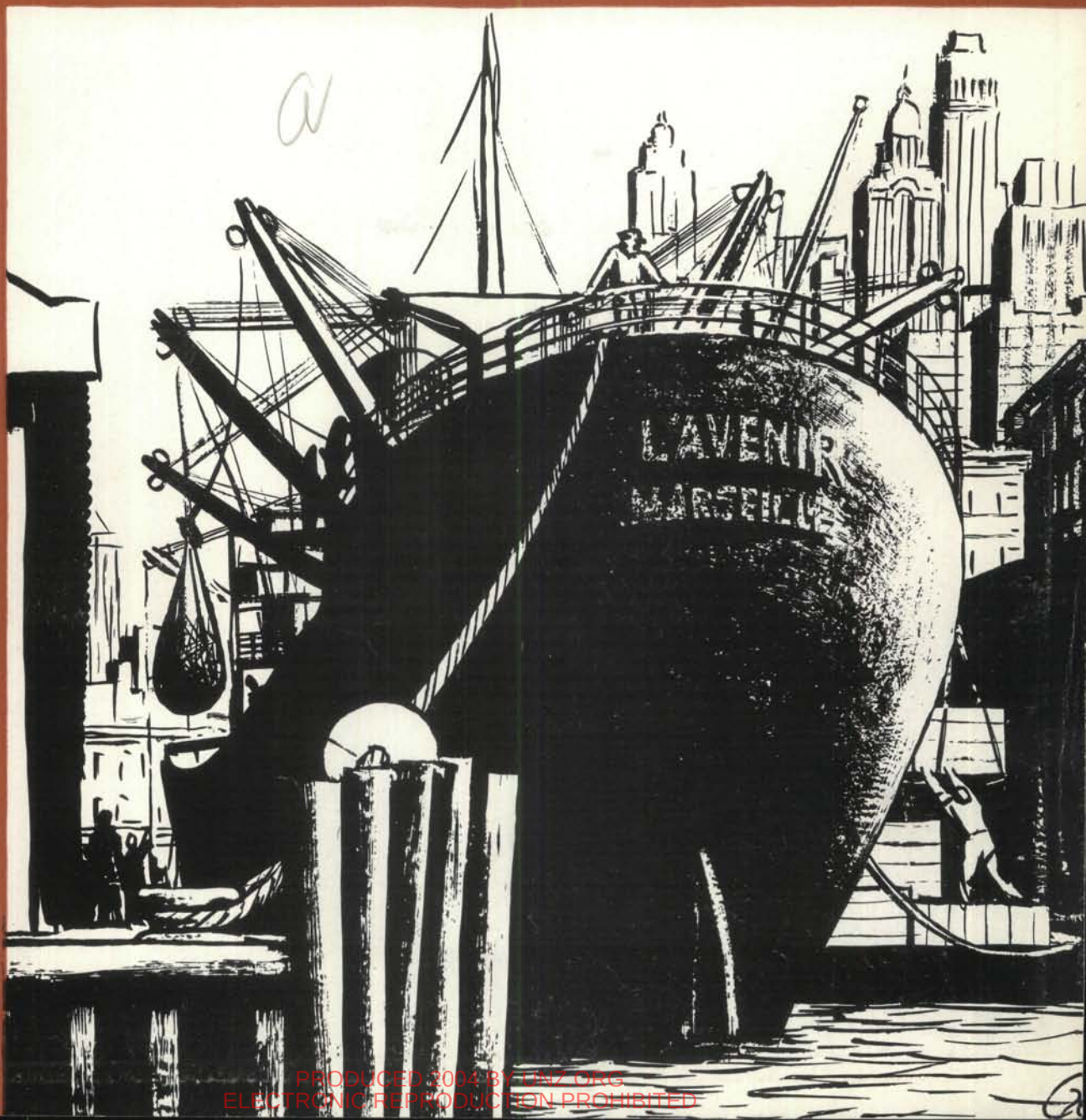

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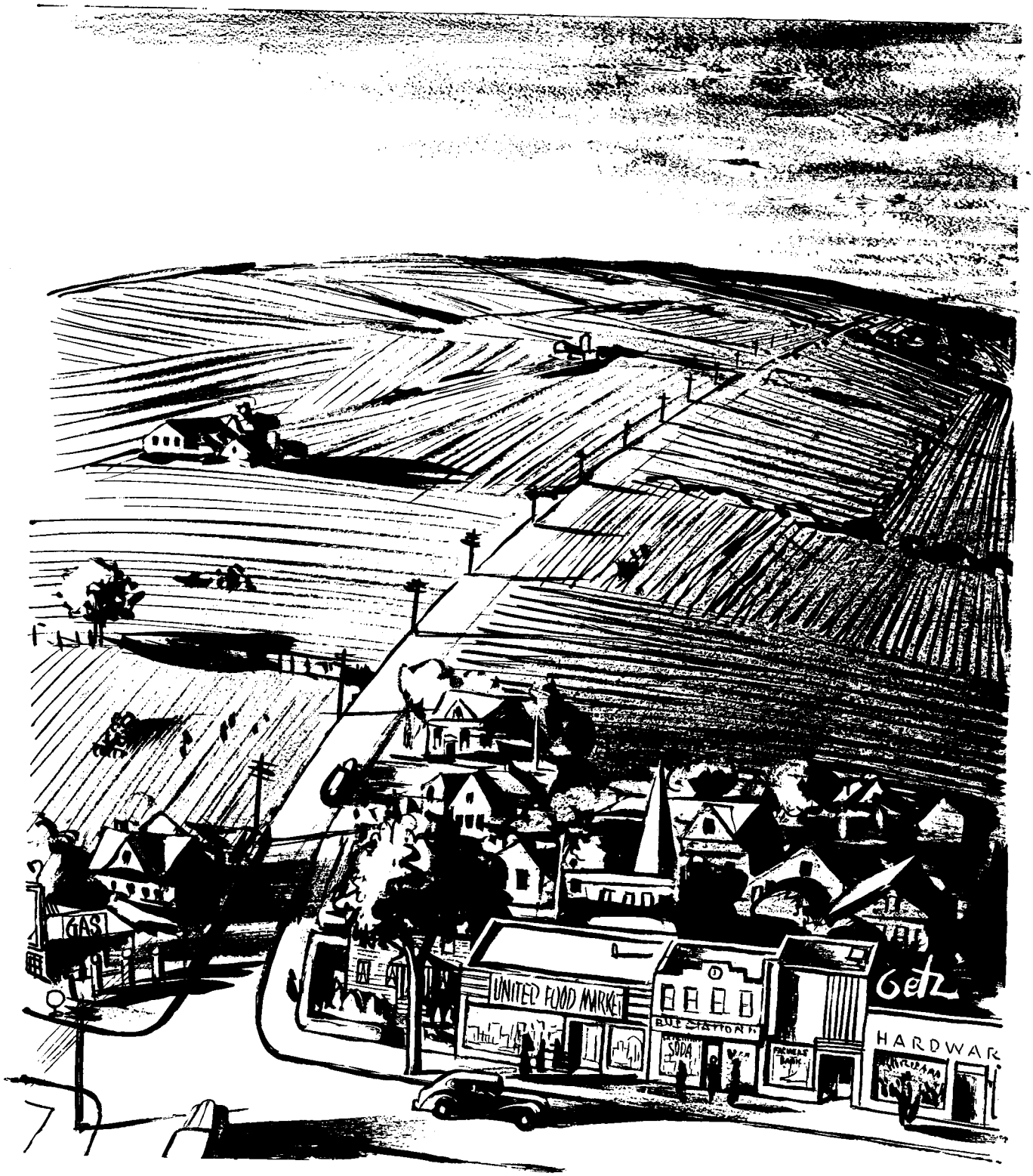

Across the Globe from Main Street

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The Reporter

Arithmetic and Higher Mathematics

One more appropriation, one more hunk of billions to be allocated to Europe? Congress is getting sulky and sometimes a bit nasty. ECA—second round, the Atlantic Pact, some form of military lend-lease, and, of course, our own military budget, which might be extravagant and might not be nearly enough. Then there are pensions for ex-servicemen, and soon the new or expanded agencies of the welfare state will start coming up with their budgets. The Congressman keeps adding and adding. He looks at the other side of the ledger: Can taxes be increased? Then he tries subtracting. But no matter whether he adds or subtracts or multiplies or divides, arithmetic doesn't make him happy.

Arithmetic is a very exact science, and there are no doubts whatsoever that two and two make four. But there are some doubts as to whether by doubling the fifteen billion dollars of the defense appropriation the strength of the nation would be doubled. Arithmetic, according to Webster, is "the science of positive real numbers." But positive real numbers appear problematic and unreal when they grow too big. Big figures become, as we say, astronomical, which is quite a correct expression. The astronomers make their calculations with the symbols and the equations of higher mathematics, not with numbers. Perhaps statesmanship requires the help of higher mathematics when the figures get bloated.

A forty-billion-dollar national budget, no matter if it is precise to the last penny, makes us breathless. Even the few among the budget-slicing Senators who understand every single item of the budget cannot propose anything more specific than an indiscriminate percentage-lopping—ten or fifteen or five per cent—with a compromise, of course, to be reached somewhere in between. Higher mathematics, fortunately, is as exact a science as arithmetic—only more so. Its operations leave far more room for imponderables and variables. Every equation is centered around that little sign = that means balance. The equation of national policy must bring into equilibrium at least two symbols: W for Welfare and D for Defense.

But Congressmen have to think in terms of arithmetic—of that arithmetic whose unit is the dollar. The supreme policy-makers, the members of the National Security Council, perhaps of the Council of Economic Advisers, and, above all, the President, should be able to consider all the different and variable terms that come into the national equation—dollars, economic potential, national honor, and so on. A President might even advocate, for a particular emergency transaction, the dropping of the dollar sign. But Congress cannot lose sight of this sign, any more than the Bureau of the Budget can.

Sometimes, swept by the pressure of special interests, Congressmen may even pass legislation that throws the national budget out of balance. But, lest they betray their duty, the dollar remains their unit of measure as legislators, just as the vote is their unit of measure as politicians. They have to take care of the constituencies, of the local and national lobbies, and, of course, of the general public. They have to reconcile all those different interests, and, to get their own way and to increase their own prestige, they have to swap horses and roll logs.

From time to time a man emerges from among them—a Henry Clay, a Vandenberg—who graduates to higher mathematics and assumes the onerous task of reconciling its equations with the arithmetic of his colleagues. To these men the nation can never be grateful enough. But the rest of the legislators are not to be blamed if they get red in the face, counting and subtracting and trying to make some sense out of the forbidding figures with which they have to deal. Perhaps the difference between the arithmetic of legislators

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and the mathematics of statesmen is illustrated in our day by the contrast between two of our leading Senators, Taft and Vandenberg. Taft is the unshakable believer in arithmetic, always ready to battle for its principles, even in that zone of high numbers where figures become improbable. One Vandenberg—or a few—makes it possible for the rest to serve their country without losing sight of the dollar sign. For it is true that arithmetic is the petty cash of higher mathematics; but it is even truer that higher mathematics, applied to national problems, must ultimately be translated into arithmetical terms—dollars and cents.

Outdistancing Our Opponents

There has never been such an opportunity to reconcile higher mathematics with arithmetic as that new departure in American policy that is still called, for lack of a better name, Point Four or the Bold New Program. It will be paid for, at least in the first years, with the government's pocket money. Even later its cost to the taxpayer could never reach the astronomical figures of Lend-Lease, or UNRRA, or the Marshall Plan. They all have created the conditions for Point Four. Now Point Four offers us unprecedented prospects.

1. We can by-pass colonialism and imperialism in opening up new territories to economic development. We can do this not out of the goodness of our hearts, but because both colonialism and imperialism have proved to be obsolete and self-defeating. There is little use in keeping the native populations of under-developed areas under peonage, for by bringing some of the technical instruments of civilization to these people we awaken them to civilization. By hastening the tempo of their progress, we hasten the processes of their political emancipation. We in America have always been contemptuous of imperialism. Now, our sentiments have been corroborated by proven facts, and we, as the most powerful and responsible nation in the world, must act accordingly.

2. In by-passing colonialism, we shall prove that we are learning how to handle, in an integrated, balanced way, this civilization by which we live. For we shall prove that we know how to control its impact, changing but not destroying the life of the native people, cushioning the upsets that industrialization carries with itself.

3. Point Four gives us a chance to give the total lie to Communism. For at the core of what the Communists call Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist theory, there is a dogmatic belief in capitalism's inevitable doom. The more it grows, the more, according to Marx, it drives the exploited workers into rebellion. This dogma was shattered both by capitalism and by trade-unionism, yet Lenin

came to Marx's rescue with a theory of his own, which in turn became a dogma. The skin and blood of the colonial peoples, he said, pay for the somewhat improved wages of the western workers. Once Lenin's theory is disproved, the last prop will have been knocked from under the Communist theoretical structure.

It will be from us, the most industrialized people of all, that Russia will receive the rebuttal that hurts. It is within our power to prove the absolute fallacy of the so-called chain of so-called inevitable events—capitalistic expansion, struggle for markets and colonies, wars between empires, more and more ruthless exploitation of colonial peoples, and so on. Things might have been that way until not so long ago. But we learn because we are free, and because we are free we grow. We have gone far beyond the first blundering stages of capitalistic industrialism, which the Communists are still assiduously copying. To keep a ready supply of cheap labor, they have to set up official and unofficial labor camps. Nor do they bother to provide anaesthetics for the peoples on whose flesh they crudely operate. The Communists are reducing to a colonial status the civilized peoples of Eastern Europe. We are determined to by-pass colonialism in the backward areas. The Communist parties are at work building a colossal empire. We have come to realize that empire-building doesn't pay. Perhaps we find it so difficult to understand the Communists because they are so hopelessly bookish and old-fashioned.

The amazing thing about Point Four is that it is so far-reaching, and yet we can start working it out with a few million dollars. It is the cheapest of all America's "unsordid acts." The U.S. Government does not assume responsibility for carrying civilization and industrialization all over the world. It offers, free of charge, technical knowledge and technical skill. It requires the cooperation of countless national and international agencies and at the same time it ultimately depends on individual skill and on private investment. It can prove that in opening up new territories that never had a chance to enjoy free institutions, Democracy is far more efficient than Communism.

It seems to be so little now, this Point Four program—little more than a name—just one new alphabetical name, BNP—the latest in a long series we have had to grapple with since NRA. Yet perhaps it can offer us what we have long been looking for: while we are still "containing" our opponents, we are learning to outdistance them.

Lend-Lease—Both Ways

For more than five hundred years, a sort of lend-lease program has been in operation, with the free gift to this country of all the skills civilization has developed since it started. The art of taming horses—and horses themselves—came over here; and the skill of finding defenses against arbitrary laws, and the know-how of saving men's souls through rugged times and failures and defeats by working hard and still harder—until the break comes. Practically everything that men in other lands had learned to do was done over again on a new dimension—for, here, all the imported skills became available to large masses of men.

What is happening now is right: our country grew because of the lend-lease of skills and know-how. Now the reverse lend-lease has started.

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The Bold New Program

Can we learn to expand civilization in a civilized way?

Not long after President Truman delivered his Inaugural Address, Secretary of the Interior Krug told the Eighty-first Congress that American reserves of certain industrial materials were "virtually nil." Krug was not out to chill the nation's blood: he was not at that moment telling the usual story of resources that had been plundered or squandered in the customary reckless ways. He was referring to resources that the United States had never contained in quantity—minerals and metals, for the most part, with singular, useful properties. In the last few decades, American technology has learned how to use them in the production of everything from truck bodies to anti-tank shells; having discovered the advantages of these largely "un-American" materials, our technicians now cannot get along without them. They come from most of the continents and islands of the world. If they were to cease coming, American production would be severely disorganized. Some phases of it could scarcely continue at all.

American technology runs largely on electricity. To be controlled, electricity must be insulated. Mica, the best insulator known, comes primarily from India. American technology is built very largely of steel, partly of aluminum. Chrome is a necessary ingredient of stainless steel. The best chrome ore comes from Russia. Aluminum has replaced steel for many purposes. The best bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is extracted, comes from Latin America. The harder the uses to which steel and aluminum are put, the higher the temperatures they must withstand, the greater the pressures they are designed to resist—the more they must be alloyed with metals like cobalt and chromium, molybdenum and vanadium and nickel.

Altogether there are about a hundred and fifty metals and minerals on which the prosperity of the United States in peace and the security of the United States in war depend. Not many are found in sufficient quantity and quality on the mainland or our island possessions. In 1946, the United States imported from overseas 97 per cent of its manganese, 100 per cent of its tin ore, 73 per cent of its tungsten, 40 per cent of its vanadium, 47 per cent of its bauxite, and unusually high percentages of about ninety other indispensable metals and minerals.

The United States' dependence on the rest of the world is most conspicuous when it comes to metals, but it is not confined to them. In 1946, all the fiber and natural rubber consumed by American industry, and one quarter of the vegetable oils, were shipped in from overseas. Nor is it likely that, among metals, our impoverishment will continue to apply only to obscure ones; the supply of high-grade rich iron ore in the Mesabi Range can be expected to last only a generation or so.

The percentages show the proportion of key minerals imported by the United States the year after the war ended. During war, America requires far more substantial imports. The weapons of modern warfare, guided missiles, jet planes, and so on, require an increasing amount of chrome, bauxite, and the rest. Congress has appropriated eight hundred million dollars to stockpile such materials, but no adequate reserve of them can ever be accumulated. The industries of cold war—even those of peace—consume the metals and minerals too rapidly. If American industry is to maintain its present output, still more if it is to expand, the supply of raw materials from the rest of the world must be abundant and dependable.

The scarce metals and minerals prevent us from reverting to continental or even hemispheric isolationism. If the pressing demands of technology could force us into technocracy, we would have to plant the American flag on every land in the world. We cannot even dream of doing this; and under no circumstances would we do it. We need the availability of raw materials without assuming the burden of conquering and ruling over every country where they are to be found. We do not want forcefully to impose a *pax Americana*; we would not know how to. Neither do we want to establish a new type of dollar diplomacy — a scarce-metals diplomacy. We need a global policy as vast and at the same time as intricate and varied as the globe itself. We need an efficient system of organization, in which the possessors and the consumers of the raw materials, participate as equals.

With this problem confronting America, the President proclaimed, on Inauguration Day, his program of

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making the benefits of our scientific knowledge and industrial progress available to under-developed areas.

In these areas—the zones of the diseased, the shabbily dressed, the inadequately fed—a large part of the raw materials that the United States requires lies under or grows in the earth. Now that we count so heavily upon these under-developed areas, their inhabitants, for our sake as well as for theirs, cannot remain under-developed. If we can effectively pass on to them some measure of technical skill, adequately supported by capital investment, they will be able to produce or extract or grow their special materials in greater volume and with greater steadiness than they can now. The same and similar skills can raise their standards of living, lower their death and disease rates, and provide them with more to eat and to wear. The part of our patrimony that the program offers to share—our technical ability—is, says the President, inexhaustible.

The generosity of the idea is matched only by the difficulty of its realization. Carried out hurriedly, on the assumption that each one of our skills is by itself a miraculous cure-all, the project might bring about nasty results.

One of the dangers is that, with the acquisition of a new medical or technological skill, an area will be confronted by an explosive, and temporarily unmanageable, increase in population. In 1945, a village of three thousand people in British Guiana was chosen for an experiment in the elimination of malaria. Previously, the birth rate and the death rate of the village were evenly balanced. Three hundred and fifty of every thousand children died in infancy. By 1947, D.D.T. had exterminated most of the malaria mosquitoes. The birth rate had doubled; infant mortality had gone down to sixty-seven a thousand. So now the suburb needs more of everything—food, houses, and furniture—and if these are not provided, poverty may keep the population down as disease once did.

The simple passage of a skill from the West to the East, Africa, and the islands—instruction in killing flies, opening mines, cross-pollenizing plants, or operating machines—may mean very little in itself even when it is not actually hazardous.

Not long ago, for example, the British discovered a method of doing away with the tsetse fly, which for centuries had prevented the raising of healthy cattle in South Africa. If South Africa

companied by an array of other skills and enterprises of great magnitude.

A great many techniques—each of which picks up where another leaves off—will have to be introduced into the backward areas. This means the shipment of machines, the importation of fuel to make them function, the establishment of training schools.

All this requires capital. The capital can come only from the governments and the businessmen who have it—mostly those of the West. Foreign investors will shy away from enterprises in under-developed areas unless they are protected against some of the hazards of investment—sudden nationalization of their properties or discriminatory taxation. They will not invest unless the under-developed areas have sound credit and currency systems and agree to abide by certain common rules of business behavior.

With rules established, an additional incentive for private investors to risk their capital in overseas projects could be provided by a scheme to insure private investors against the abnormal business risks that they would not encounter in domestic investment. The wider the risk is spread, the more countries the insurance scheme embraces, the lower the premium investors

The introduction of a new technique presents only minor difficulties in a society that already employs a multitude of modern techniques. By using hybrid corn, European farmers can get larger crops from the same land without increasing their labor. Europe is prepared to make use of the augmented supply; the roads and railroads, the depots and mills to handle the extra corn are already there. But bringing a new technique into a non-industrial society —where the texture of civilization is spotty and precarious—may be profitless and even highly dangerous.

receives sufficient quantities of tsetse killer, it can be made safe for steers. Not enough feed, however, can be grown in or near the best cattle country to support large herds. There is suitable land for cultivating feed farther north, but it cannot be used until it is cleared and drained, until roads and houses are built, and machinery is installed. If all this were done, a railroad would have to be built to bring the feed to the cattle and another to move the cattle to the sea for export. The elimination of the tsetse fly, in itself, will not increase the world supply of meat, unless it is ac-

would have to pay for protection. The United States Government might well take the initiative in setting up this insurance fund for American investors.

How much America can afford to invest overseas is almost impossible to calculate. In 1948 net private long-term American investment abroad reached $761,000,000. A yearly investment of two billion dollars overseas in the immediate years ahead would make a tremendous contribution to the task, and appears comfortably within our capacity. If a climate of hope and confidence is created in which investment

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could thrive, the primary difficulty would, in fact, be to choose which of the almost unlimited projects foreseeable should be the first to be tackled.

Before the proper climate is created, technology needs to be rescued by another skill—economics—and by another type of know-how—politics.

Knowledge of economics and politics is needed to make sure that the first effects of industrialism on technologically innocent peoples are not wretchedness and rebellion.

Fortunately, the burden of the program does not fall entirely on the United States. Europe can provide many of the products necessary for development. And Europe's need for new sources of raw materials is much greater than ours.

The leaders of the nations participating in the Marshall Plan are aware of the fact that the four-year program will fail irreparably if not enough raw materials start coming in, between now and 1952, from non-dollar areas. This is a necessary condition if the Marshall Plan countries are ever to approach the volume of production and of exports that they are supposed to reach within the next three years.

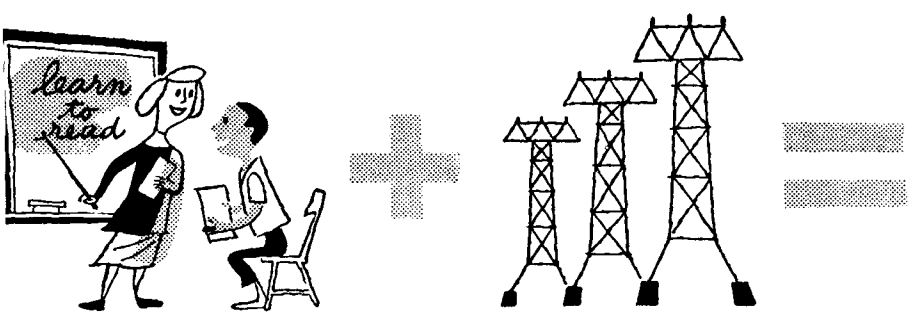
The President's new program can be conceived and carried on over a span of decades. The best that we can hope is that by 1952 it will have made a substantial start. It must be developed and articulated enough to take over when the Marshall Plan ends. In the period from now till 1952, American investment to help develop the resources of backward areas would be added insurance for the success of the European Recovery Program, as well as insurance for adequate continuing supplies of the raw materials we need.

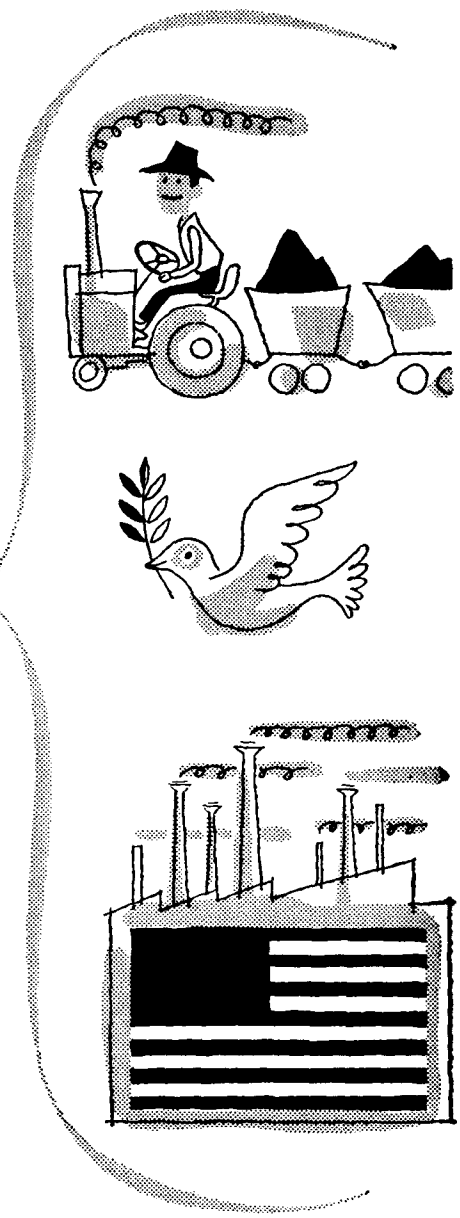
The international payments troubles in Europe can be relieved, in large measure, by the operation of the new program. For they are partly the result of the breaking of the nineteenth century three-cornered trade whereby, for example, Far Eastern countries earned dollars from their raw materials exports to the United States, used those dollars to buy supplies from Europe, and thereby provided Europe with dollars to pay for the excess of Europe's imports from the United States. A strong flow of American dollar investment in areas that have little money or industrial skill but plenty of resources would be the best guarantee of a return to freer and steadily expanding world trade.

Finally, America now has a chance to get out of a rather awkward schizophrenia. This nation, dedicated to the cause of "free enterprise" and of capitalism, has to a large extent left to the government the monopoly of foreign spending and investment—an embarrassing and rather silly contradiction.

Was it the need of scarce raw material that prompted the announcement of the new program, or was it the necessity of obtaining through a peaceful policy what we could not conceivably conquer by force of arms? Or perhaps it was the awareness of our responsibilities toward the world and at the same time of the limitations of our resources, for we haven't the means to continue indefinitely the Marshall Plan or to extend it to Latin America, Asia, and potentially the whole world. There may be some truth in any one of these motives and in a hundred more. There is always a rather distant relationship between a policy and the various motives that have contributed to its enactment. Moreover, our country has the curious habit of announcing and reaching basic policies as if they were casual improvisations. This was the case when Franklin D. Roosevelt announced the policy of the unconditional surrender and when the idea of the Marshall Plan first came out. It is the case with Point Four. It usually turns out that there was some thinking and planning before the announcement of a new policy, and then, when the announcement is made, thinking and planning proceed with ever-increasing momentum because of the expectation it has aroused in the outside world.

This new program is likely to affect the UN radically, although no one knows now in what measure the UN will contribute to carrying it through. Perhaps the UN can be better strengthened by regional or even bilateral agreements than by debates and resolutions on what to do with the Charter.





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All these partial agreements buttress at various spots the structure of the UN and provide the conditions for its strength. If multilateral trade is gradually re-established, the UN will be the gainer. If new nations just emerging from colonialism find in Western know-how the way to accelerate the pace of their progress, the UN will again be the gainer.

The major characteristic of the new program is that no matter from which side it is considered, it makes sense. It is rounded, well balanced—even if it is, and will for some time remain, little more than a program for reaching a program. It depends on America, but it doesn't make America the Atlas that sustains the world. It presents extraordinary difficulties, which can be overcome *if* the technicians and experts of Western civilization apply the experience and the knowledge they are supposed to possess and the countries to be developed are willing to accept their responsibilities. The greatest danger is that the program will be carried through by single-minded experts, each following his own approach and technique, independent and unconscious of all the others that are needed if the job is to be done. The program is a formidable test of our capacity to act. It is a greater test of our capacity to think.

American Foreign Policy In the Making

JANUARY 6, 1941. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:
"The main object of this [Lend-Lease] Act is to promote the defense of the United States by supplying material aid to those nations whose defense is vital to our defense. Unlike prior methods, it focuses directly on the aid to be rendered rather than upon the dollar sign ultimately to be translated into war material."

NOVEMBER 15, 1943. ROOSEVELT:
"UNRRA will not, of course, be expected to solve the long-range problems of reconstruction. Other machinery and other measures will be necessary for this purpose. What UNRRA can do is lay the necessary foundation for these later tasks of reconstruction."

JUNE 5, 1947. SECRETARY OF STATE MARSHALL:
"It is logical that the United States should do whatever it is able to do to assist in the return of normal economic health in the world, without which there can be no political stability and no assured peace. Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos. Its purpose should be the revival of a working economy in the world so as to permit the emergence of political and social conditions in which free institutions can exist."

NOVEMBER 24, 1947. SENATOR VANDENBERG:
". . . We have a direct self-interest in doing everything within our peaceful power to sustain democratic freedoms, based on self-determination, in other lands. But let's so clearly identify this 'self-interest' that no honest man can misunderstand. It is not conquest, it is not domination. It is not any sort of war . . . with anyone. It is the self-interest which knows that this precious thing called Western civilization is a common asset."

JANUARY 20, 1949. PRESIDENT TRUMAN:
"We must embark on a bold, new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of under-developed areas . . .

"I believe that we should make available to peace-loving peoples the benefits of our store of technical knowledge in order to help them realize their aspirations for a better life. And, in cooperation with other nations, we should foster capital investment in areas needing development.

"Our aim should be to help the free peoples of the world, through their own efforts, to produce more food, more clothing, more materials for housing, and more mechanical power to lighten their burdens . . .

"Such new economic developments must be devised and controlled to benefit the peoples of the areas in which they are established. Guaranties to the investor must be balanced by guaranties in the interest of the people whose resources and whose labor go into these developments.

"The old imperialism—exploitation for foreign profit—has no place in our plans. What we envisage is . . . democratic fair-dealing.

"Only by helping the least fortunate of its members to help themselves can the human family achieve the decent, satisfying life that is the right of all the people.

"Democracy alone can supply the vitalizing force to stir the peoples of the world into triumphant action, not only against their human oppressors, but also against their ancient enemies —hunger, misery, and despair. Events have brought our American democracy to new influence and responsibilities."

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People Behind Point Four

Hundreds of men are working to turn an idea into a program

January 20, 1949, was a great day for the eyebrow-lifters of the Washington press corps. The President in his Inaugural had mentioned a "bold new program," and the very phrase brought condescending smiles to the faces of those elder statesmen of the typewriter who always know how such things happen, although sometimes they do not understand why.

The "how," as Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* explained it, was this: Mr. Truman had ordered some of his bright young planners to provide him with "a noble concept that was challenging and inspiring"; Point Four was what they had come up with. Skeptics agreed that the whole thing was merely another "accident." "Bold New Program" turned up in print in double quotation marks, a gesture of journalistic disdain reminiscent of the New York Communist *Daily Worker's* treatment of the Marshall "Plan."

Elsewhere, however, the reaction was, after the manner of the November elections, somewhat indifferent to editorial guidance. By April, the National Association of Manufacturers had gone before the UN Economic and Social Council to say that, given favorable conditions, by 1952, the U. S. should be able to export about two billion dollars a year of private capital; the *Economist* of London had noted that "what is at stake is the whole future of capital expansion, rising productivity, and international trade"; and Mr. Krock had hurried off to Mexico to see how Point Four might operate there.

The important fact about the BNP on January 20 was that it was indeed bold, it was (in that formulation) new, but it was not yet a program. In its natural course, that had to come later.

Since January, the UN, a dozen governments, and hundreds of officials have been at work. There has been some fumbling, a deal of overlapping, and the inevitable jockeying for position that is at least an earnest of serious intent. But the "messiness" and "bewilderment" that studded newspaper "think-pieces" have been largely confined to their authors.

The man responsible for delivering a finished blueprint is Secretary of State Dean Acheson, but as he is otherwise occupied, the BNP has been largely delegated to Assistant Secretary Willard L. Thorp, who is also the U. S. delegate to the UN Economic and Social Council.

Thorp works with a group known as the Inter-Departmental Advisory Committee on Technical Assistance. Already, it has borne fruit; it is expected to recommend that the Congress provide about ten million dollars to each of several departments, so that they can immediately make available more technicians for more countries; it may recommend that additional funds be made available for UN specialized agencies such as the World Health Organization and the Food and Agricultural Organization, both of which already are in the business of technical cross-pollenization.

Another group—the National Advisory Council on International Monetary and Financial Problems—is examining conditions under which private and/or government investment might be made to flow. Treasury Secretary John W. Snyder heads this group, but since he, like Acheson, has many other duties, the burden falls on an Assistant Secretary, William McChesney Martin, Jr., one-time chairman of the board of the government's Export-Import Bank, who at twenty-seven was president of the New York Stock Exchange.

Convinced that the BNP involves far more than the sending of technicians abroad, Martin and his group are discussing what rules of "good conduct" could protect the helpers from expropriation and the helped from exploitation. He believes that governments may have to finance the initial development of such things as communications, transport, and power, and that this, added to the "good conduct" rules, will open the way for private venture capital to flow. Other officials feel just as strongly that government financing is not necessary. They believe an adequate volume of private capital will be available if the government helps to set up a guarantee or insurance fund to protect private investors against certain non-business risks.

Because the Marshall Plan was designed to meet a great emergency, it required a super-agency to activate and administer its billions in aid. Martin does not think that anything so extensive will be needed to operate the BNP. His approach is to use existing instruments insofar as it is possible and practical, taking advantage of their long experience.

Meanwhile, Paul Hoffman's ECA has organized a special Colonial Development Section headed by Dr. Isaiah Bowman, the distinguished scientist. Working closely with Bowman in this new Section is Harlan Cleveland, who at twenty-nine has had a meteoric career in the Board of Economic Warfare, UNRRA, and ECA.

Thus the BNP, described by more than one "realist" as "global hogwash," blends and thickens. It is approaching its critical moment of seemingly greatest confusion; but that, as every good cook should know, is precisely the moment before the mixture jells.

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The UN's Contribution

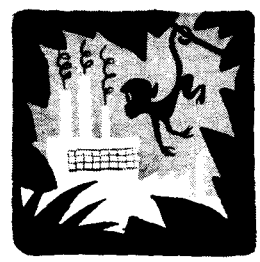
A dozen agencies bootleg some peace into the world

At first sight it might appear that the idea —or at least the postwar manifestation of it—of supplying technical aid to backward areas was raised originally by President Truman in his Inaugural Address and was elaborated afterwards by the American delegation to the United Nations Economic and Social Council. Not many people know that the UN and its specialized agencies have been actively engaged for the last three years in transmitting technical skills and research data to and from all the continents of the world.

The UN's work has not been of a spectacular variety, and anyone who would be satisfied with nothing less than, say, a Yangtze Valley Authority might be inclined to underrate it. The UN has constructed no dams or power plants, but it has, for example, given farmers in Yunan Province White Leghorn hens from the United States, set up inoculation centers for Chinese hens that have, for centuries, been dwarfed by endemic diseases, and sent Chinese laboratories the equipment to make their own poultry vaccines—all with a view to increasing the size of the egg and, with it, the Chinese food supply.

The UN has gone about its work somewhat shyly and tentatively, but it has penetrated into every part of the world, and has operated on both sides of the celebrated line of demarcation in Europe between East and West. Not even the UN itself is fully aware of the implications of its program, and some of the member nations are rather more sketchily informed about it. The vagueness has come about partly because the UN's specialized agencies, shunning publicity, have all but bootlegged their aid to needy countries. Both the East and the West tend to be somewhat suspicious of it. The West, led by the United States, is undoubtedly afraid of being lured deeply into schemes that may strengthen the regimes of Russia and her satellites; the latter fear that western technical experts, whom they need badly for all kinds of social and economic reasons, may—incredible as such fears seem to apolitical scientists—constitute a political underground and spy network.

If what has been done by the UN somewhat surreptitiously could become the object of deliberate, candid discussion and decision, there would still be a few problems. For the UN there would be one of correlating its work and the work of its specialized agencies, of figuring out a master-plan into which its many minor plans and activities would fit. For Russia and the West, there would be the dual problem of finding out how far they could go along with the UN without violating what they choose to regard as their own special and undeniable interests.



The specialized agencies, by their nature, were the first to be drawn into the field of technical assistance and advice. They were concerned at first with postwar relief, but they soon found that it is impossible to tell where relief ends and where fundamental, long-term reconstruction of an area begins.

The possibility that relief would lead imperceptibly to reconstruction confronted the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, for example, when it began worrying about what would happen when it went out of existence and its imports of powdered milk to war-devastated countries came to an end. The Childen's Fund promptly put five million dollars into helping the countries of Eastern Europe set up plants for pasteurizing and powdering their own milk, so that seasonal surpluses might be preserved for the times when milk became scarce. This involves UNICEF not only in importing machinery for the plants, but also in sending in experts to train local technicians. As a result, Klim, or its Balkan equivalent, will soon be home-made even in Albania, where the old-time law of the blood feud still applies.

The Food and Agricultural Organization of the UN has discovered more than four hundred different technical-aid projects that it would like to start but that it cannot afford. It has already sent into Italy and other countries experts on food preservation, soil conservation, and range management. In the Middle East, it has one mission concerned with forests and another surveying the possibilities of irrigation and deep drilling. Because irrigation changes the whole system of agriculture, it is also investigating the possibilities of crop production under irrigated conditions. It is propagating modern animal husbandry methods of all sorts, with special reference to sheep breeding.

Such activities as these illustrate the chain reaction that technical aid has on the under-developed areas. Nowadays aid in any one direction in any one country can succeed in its purpose only if it is accompanied by integrated aid in a multitude of other directions. A French speaker in the Economic and Social Council recently said that his country is going to vaccinate 21,500,000 people in French Equato-

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rial Africa and Madagascar in 1951, as against 3,500,000 in 1938. What, he asked in effect, must be done if the tremendously increased population that may result is to survive economically? In other words, why save millions from premature death caused by endemic diseases if they are only to die later through starvation? Obviously, medical aid, if it is to accomplish lasting good, must be accompanied by economic and industrial aid and, simultaneously, by social and political aid.

That is why building a TVA on the Danube or the Yangtze might not be as helpful as it sounds. The power might go begging for lack of consumers. Soil erosion might choke the river and dry up the reservoirs. While building dams, the people of those valleys need to construct factories that would use some of the power, irrigation projects that would need energy to pump water, and railroads to haul farm produce to market and fertilizer to the farm. All of which, of course, takes money. As a UN report points out, "The development of these advances in technique and administration is the work of many experts of many kinds throughout the world. No country has a monopoly of the best methods."

To mention one of many examples, hybrid corn has been sent to Italy by the FAO for experimental planting. Other seeds for new cereals and grasses, sugar beets, potatoes, and oil-yielding sunflowers have gone in small quantities to Austria, China, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, and Yugoslavia. Nor are the seeds, the skills, and the ideas all going one way. Through FAO, the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry in China, applying a sort of Point Four in reverse, is furnishing agricultural experiment stations in the United States with apricot scions, seeds of bell peppers and muskmelon, and even seeds for some species of pine trees.

In the Economic Commissions of the United Nations—those for Europe, Latin America, and Asia and the Far East, and the new one for the Middle East—planning follows a more tortuous, and at the same time more leisurely, course, apparently proving that the deeper a group is involved in politics, the less responsive it is to the real needs of the people. The European Commission has, however, recommended allocations of coal to Western European countries, trying to relieve them of the necessity of importing expensive coal from the United States. The Commission has also gone far beyond the debating and planning stage in its effort to establish intra-European agreements for the supply and exchange of electrical power; it is helping direct and coordinate the development of European electric-power resources. A European Timber Committee is working as a team to increase the production of timber by providing equipment and supplies. This venture is aimed at bolstering Western European industries, which have been suffering from a persistent lack of timber for building houses, props for coal pits, and the other things made of wood that are needed to start the wheels of industry really turning.

Like all wars, the most recent one was followed by waves of emigration from some countries and immigration into others. France, with a marked shortage of manpower, tried for nearly three years to retain a quarter of a million German prisoners of war. Italy is estimated to have more than that many extra and exportable laborers. With the help of the International Labor Organization, ECE is now trying to improve existing manpower statistics and to promote the exchange of information between countries on the training and retraining of vital industrial labor.

The Economic Commission for the Middle East has only just been formed, and has not had a chance to do much. At the moment, it is timorously deciding which is the least controversial city in its area from which to go into operation.

The Commission for Latin America lost no time after its first session last June in sending out questionnaires to the governments of that region, asking them to state their needs for technical help. These questionnaires were, to say the least, unnecessary. The Latin American countries have for some time been demanding, very vociferously indeed, a Marshall Plan for their continent, some of them taking the attitude that far too much attention is being paid to the reconstruction of Europe.

The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development has already made three loans to Latin American countries—about thirty-four million dollars to Mexico, seventy-five million to Brazil, and sixteen million to Chile. The Chilean loan, plus credits from the Export-Import Bank, have made it possible to build a modern hydro-electric plant with a capacity of eight million horsepower. During the last five years, more than two billion pesos (over fifty million dollars) have been withdrawn from the national revenue

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by the Chilean Government for investment in this program.

The Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East has been working up a schedule for technical aid in its area and is trying to list and coordinate the existing training facilities within the region. Working parties and advisory groups, together with the staff of the ECAFE Secretariat, are carrying on studies and investigations of industrial development, trade promotion, technical assistance, and training. ECAFE has decided to spend a hundred thousand dollars this year on a Bureau of Flood Control, which is expected to draw up a list of projects for the whole area of the Far East from the Yangtze to the Irrawaddy.

A great deal of international attention will be focused this summer on the United Nations conference on the conservation and utilization of resources. There is no official connection as yet between this conference and the President's Bold New Program. The conference is to be purely scientific, devoted to the exchange of ideas and experience among engineers, resource technicians, economists, and others. It will make no recommendations and will not attempt to reach any international agreement on policy. Its policy, rather, is to take an inventory of the world's needs. It will deal with the conservation of the renewable sources of soils, grasslands, forests, streams, and seas, and with the non-renewable resources of the subsoil from which are drawn the vital minerals to make the machines for an industrial society, the raw materials to feed them, and the fuels to drive them.

The upshot of the UN experience so far is that in spite of the sound and fury of political warfare, something like peace appears to be creeping into the world. There are no longer new lands to discover. But there are people whose standards of living can be raised and who can at the same time become self-supporting. In this sense, new frontiers remain to be crossed, and crossing them, as the UN is showing, is an activity of peace. All that is needed is peace —not total peace, which is perhaps unattainable in our days—but larger spots and larger spells of peace. Peace is already on the move—more than we know if we read only of the attacks by and against Vishinsky in the headlines.

Whose Imperialism?

Probably no sentence in the President's Inaugural Address received a warmer greeting, at home and abroad, than the declaration that the old imperialism has no place in our plans. We have no empire, and are hell-bent on having none, no matter what Stalin may think of us. So we feel at ease when it comes to giving away other people's empires. For the future, no matter whose empires they may have been, no empires. Period.

There is a danger of imperialism in Point Four: but not from us. Some of the beneficiary nations may develop dreams of empire. Dog-eat-dog is a principle of life that applies to all dogs, great and small. Perhaps one of the causes of disturbances in our world may be the underdog imperialism of some under-developed nations. The President says that greater production "is the key to prosperity and peace"; but it is equally the key to prosperity in war. There should be no naïveté in judging what may lurk behind the urge to industrial progress on the part of certain governments. Let's not forget Perón's Argentina.

Clearly, the United States must exert some control over the direction of economic progress—over its ultimate purpose. Equally *we must keep a watchful eye on its pace.* So strong is the ardor of industrialization in some countries that if it were allowed to race on unchecked, serious inflation would result. And if the United States were associated with any such disaster, the victims, suffering new privations heaped on traditional miseries, would turn in wrath against us. We must also remember that industrial development raises standards of living only in the long run, and that people—particularly poor people—have the habit of living from one day to another.

Forgotten, this reality alone would cancel the best of anti-imperialistic intentions and actions. And the latter themselves had better be good, for there is considerable danger to Point Four from the fanatic anti-imperialist complex sweeping over large sections of the world, including ours. This complex has created a host of fiscal and other discriminatory regulations against private foreign investment. The President said our objective should be to help all free peoples to progress "through their own efforts." Ought not one of their first efforts be elimination of the senseless restrictions which abound on the pages of government business codes today?

Responsibility on the receiving end of development-aid is needed in other ways. Industrial progress is not just a matter of welcoming foreign capital and technicians; recipient nations must bend every effort to a fight against mass illiteracy. And this is not alone the task of erecting new schools, but rather of prying loose a heavy load of ancient ignorance, of popular superstition, from minds long warped by its shape and weight.

The new countries of Southeast Asia have a right to make their own mistakes and to enjoy their belated honeymoon with national unity. Yet if the newly freed nations want to enjoy the benefits of progress and our assistance, they must be willing to understand our way of doing things and perhaps even to sacrifice some parts of their traditional cultures. Industrialism in the western world caused a cultural revolution of great force. It can do no less in backward areas where the iron plough and the rubber-tired wheel are still novelties.

This understanding, this process of progressing, is not a one-way street. We shall need "a bold new program" on the other side as well—as many bold new programs as there are nations willing to share the adventure with us.

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Three Continents

The cost of technological improvement

As you approach Johannesburg by plane, the veldt is beige and yellow, with the greens lightly indicated in water color, but close about the city the pattern becomes broken, the land torn up and eroded. It looks as if the city's inhabitants had thrown up a complicated network of giant Vauban-like fortifications composed of oblong flat-topped mounds—bastions, ramparts: against what enemy?

These mounds are formed of the silt extracted from the gold mines. Near the pitheads are the guarded compounds for the native workers—from which no one may leave without a pass. The natives have come to the hard labor of the mines from their "reservations"—with a pass. The pass is a round-trip ticket to and from work in the mines.

In 1903, the natives came to work from three to six months a year; now they come and stay an average of thirteen months. They come because their reservations are in inferior agricultural districts from which they cannot extract the cash to pay their taxes. The taxes, therefore, bring a cheap labor supply. That is why they are imposed. The natives stay in the mines because they cannot save money (for equal work they are paid much less than the whites) and if they could save money (with perhaps their wives working as domestic servants in the city) there would not be much point to it because they are forbidden to buy land or a business. They stay in the mines, and they cannot be promoted because the law forbids them to enter skilled or even semi-skilled employment. The law also forbids them to strike or to bargain collectively. There is, of course, no overtime, no sick leave; on Sundays there are tribal dances in the compounds.

By whom are these conditions imposed? By those we have come to think of during the war years as "occupation authorities." A white minority, imbued with fervent and exclusive patriotism for a land that it firmly considers to be its own, imposes its will on a black, native majority. Its "will," however, is no more than the automatic need of a mining industry, of a beginning of industrialization, and of a white farm-owning class, for cheap labor. This is what is requisitioned from a primitive agricultural society.

When the invaders came it happened that the natives were defenseless, and black, and that they lived in a tribal society whose customs, laws, beliefs, and techniques are rooted in a dark and mysterious past. It happened also that the Europeans who came to

South Africa carried with them unresolved the conflict of their own industrial revolution. They knew what they wanted; what perhaps they did not know was that to obtain what they sought from the African land inevitably meant that they would be forced to impose the conditions of slavery.

The Boers came to the Transvaal for land on which to farm and graze cattle; their plan was feudal and agricultural. The British fought them (1899-1902) in order to possess and exploit what lies beneath the surface of the land—diamonds and gold.

The Boers and the British—there were Huguenots also—were pioneers. They no more worried about disturbing (annihilating) the precarious and long-developed social balance of the native population than they would have been concerned at disrupting that of the penguins if the gold and the land they sought had been in the Antarctic. They had the right of the explorer, they thought, to both land and gold, and the right of those who bear civilization to foreign parts to dragoon native labor into farming the land and mining the gold. They never imagined the edifice of suspicion, fear, and hate they would build up.

In the Johannesburg region this is what they have created. As in one of those eighteen-century fountains at Versailles, where the water splashes down from one basin to another, the Dutch and the British (now united to survive) pour their contempt upon the Jews (a small percentage of the white population: business men and speculators—all white South Africans are "speculators") and then join with them to despise the Indians (shopkeepers in and round the native settlements), the Chinese, and half-castes. Then the whites, Asiatics, and half-castes pour out their accumulated fear and hatred upon the Bantus. Bantu is the generic name for the natives, and the trouble is that in South Africa there are nine million natives, two million whites.

An economy excessively dependent upon mining, attempting now to diversify its industrialization, accus-

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tomed to cheap labor and drawing this labor from an oppressed race, faces an obvious impasse. Industrialization, even of farms, means machinery—the mines are getting broader and harder to work—and machinery, for which the exports from the mines could pay, implies skilled labor. But skilled labor means education, which in turn brings inevitably the emancipation of the educated.

And so the primitive European economics of exploitation that created slave labor, the compounds with the guards standing always at the gates, and the reservations, no longer work. The machinery of exploitation is grinding to a stop.

Eighteenth Century: Coal

Europeans who go to distant countries to explore and exploit are outnumbered and lonely and brave—that is, until they have been there long enough to acquire a police force; then they are no longer brave; they begin to fear and, fearing, they oppress. When they have oppressed beyond a certain point in economics and time, invariably they fail; their wealth is threatened; their eyes are opened and if in the meantime they have not massacred the native population, they create or are forced to advocate a society founded upon a more cooperative and moral basis.

But for Europeans in Europe, in England, it took no courage to work eight-year-old children twelve hours at a stretch in the coal mines. The children had occasionally to be beaten but the proprietors of the mines did not have to take care of that. The mothers took care of that—when they themselves were not crawling on all fours, half naked, through the mud and narrow galleries of the mines. It was only to keep them awake that they had to be beaten—and so it was the mother, or the father, or just a friend, who attended to them. When the day ended, the children were too tired to eat so they would put a crust of bread in their hands and perhaps during the night they would wake up and eat. But the nights were short.

Until the Act of 1775, coal miners in England existed in a state of slavery or bondage (literally); when you bought a colliery the miners came with it. And it was not until the Mines Act of 1842 that the employment underground of women and children under ten was forbidden.

"The men of the eighteenth century," remarks C. R. Fay, British historian and economist, "were not monsters of inhumanity. They simply attacked new problems badly." Or to quote Mr. and Mrs. Hammond: they lived with "the delusion that the poor could not be unhappy in a country where the rich were so kind." Or to quote George Meredith: "More brains, O Lord, more brains . . ."

All over Europe, the Industrial Revolution was a war of attrition fought by the natives, in hate, misery, revolt, and endurance, against their native masters. That is what it looked like. Actually, however, it was a war fought not so much against a class—despite the greed and cruelty of the possessing class—as against the failure of society to have any idea how to counteract the misery brought about by useful inventions.

We, the survivors, find ourselves in a better age with new inventions again—and the same inability to master their effect on our lives.

Twentieth Century: Bananas

Minor C. Keith spent some four thousand lives (malaria, dysentery, yellow fever) building twenty-five miles of railroad from Port Limon to San José, Costa Rica. From 1871 till now an ever-expanding flow of bananas, coffee, cotton, corn, rice—from Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Honduras, Jamaica, Panama, Mexico, Nicaragua, Haiti, and El Salvador—carried in company-owned railroads, and in neat white ships, has created an immense financial and political power that is now abandoning the dismal nineteenth-century routine of thoughtless exploitation. It is interesting that moralizing has little to do with it. If only for the sake of the Americans employed by United Fruit, the fight against tropical diseases had to be fought; if only for the sake of continuing profits, the national economies of the countries in which United Fruit operates could not be allowed to fail.

That is why in 1944 United Fruit opened the Pan-American School of Agriculture in Honduras, which prepares its graduates to assume agricultural leadership in their communities—and why the company has introduced crops successfully grown in Africa but new to the Americas.

No one has ever mistaken the United Fruit Company for a philanthropic enterprise. In 1948 the Company earned sixty million dollars net, paying $35,099,988 to its 54,185 stockholders. And no one thinks that it operates with the sole aim of furthering the Good Neighbor Policy in Central America. (After all, the term "banana republic," however shopworn, is in the language.) But here is a powerful industry operating in a non-industrial foreign area, learning that its interests and responsibilities coincide.

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Hardheaded, Human Investment

IBEC seeks welfare and partnership in Brazil and Venezuela

In the last three years, a singular—and plural—corporation has been functioning in the United States, Venezuela, and Brazil. It is called the International Basic Economy Corporation, and it has invested money in such enterprises as Venezuelan fishing and Brazilian tree-dusting. It has paid as much attention to the welfare of Venezuelan fishermen and Brazilian farmers as it has to the profits of American investors, though it has not disregarded the latter. It intends eventually to turn over its local enterprises to local investors; it plans to give the initial push in the economic modernization of the receiving countries, then to let them take over themselves. It is business-like, though it has rejected many business stereotypes. So far, its operations have been on a small scale; it is not changing the faces of Brazil or Venezuela, but it is making a start.

Seven million dollars were put into IBEC by Nelson Rockefeller, its president, and other members of his family, when it was started in January, 1947, as a risk investment financing company to work in the foreign field. Its business lies in risk enterprises from which the average banker would shy away. But though IBEC is contemptuous of safety by bankers' standards, it is by no means a philanthropy; by moderately wise selection of risks, and with fair-to-middling business luck, it expects to reap ample rewards in the fullness of time.

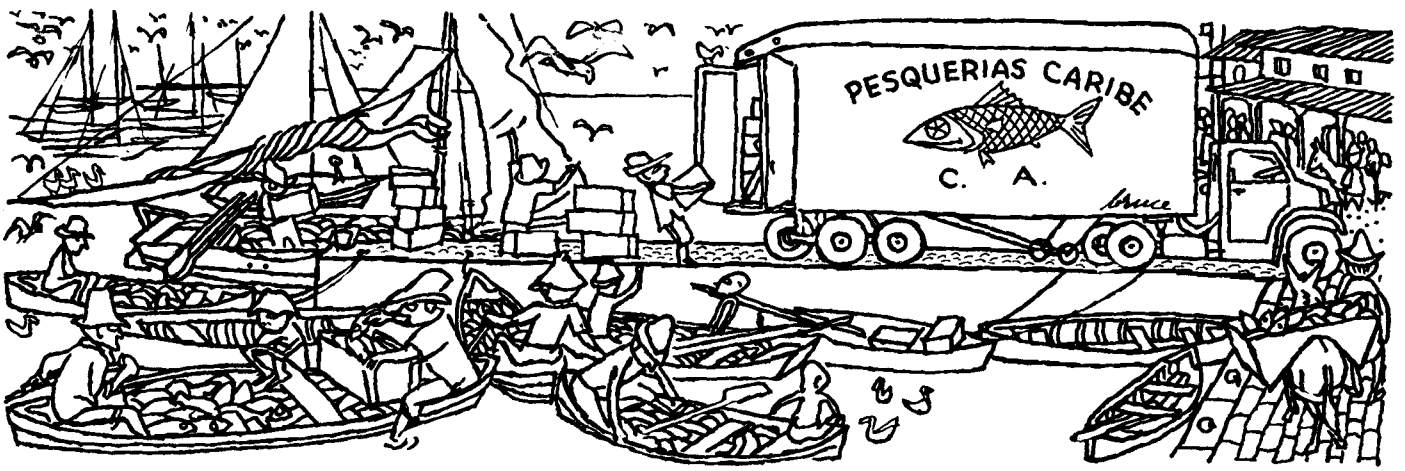
IBEC differs from the ordinary entrepreneurial investment abroad in three major respects. First, it incorporates local capital and management with its own. Second, it is interested less in the transfer of capital than of technical experience, and it is training local employees in modern techniques. And, most important, it gives as much thought to the welfare of the receiving people as to the chances of profit in its selection of enterprises.

Up to now, the project has spawned nine operating companies in Venezuela and Brazil, the first two countries it has gone into. Its present structure holds eighteen million dollars committed and invested. Of that, the eleven million that is not IBEC money is derived from the Venezuelan government, oil companies operating in Venezuela (Gulf, Creole, Socony-Vacuum, British Shell), a few other American corporations, and individual and company investors in Brazil, Venezuela, and the United States. The enlistment of capital from outside sources is one of IBEC's distinctive features.

Naturally, the sale of IBEC's share of the enterprises to local entrepreneurs awaits the growth of the nine companies to profit-making maturity. When its founding capital revolves, through sale of the established firms, it will go into other "impossible" situations.

The emphasis in IBEC projects is heavily on food and agriculture. In Venezuela, one company aims, through mechanization (and refrigeration), to rationalize the local fishing industry from net to frying pan. Another uses scientific methods to produce food crops and better livestock and also to operate demonstration centers for the most recently devised farming techniques; and a third is working on modern methods of wholesale and retail food distribution. A milk products company, which IBEC is now organizing in partnership with the Golden State Company of San Francisco, contemplates a full range of dairying operations.

In Brazil, IBEC's subsidiaries include a scientific hog-breeder, a hybrid seed-corn producer-marketer, and a modern



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agricultural product storer and warehouser that works in association with Cargill Inc., of Minneapolis. A fourth outfit provides a full range of other mechanized agricultural services to Brazilian farmers, while a fifth operates a small fleet of helicopters, which dust coffee trees to combat *broca,* Brazil's worst coffee pestilence.

Operating as it does in two countries where about three out of every four persons are engaged in agriculture, IBEC's emphasis on food and agriculture may not seem surprising. Yet agriculture lies far off the beaten path of American entrepreneurial investment in the past. At present only about one per cent of such investment in South America is in agriculture; the petroleum, mining, and smelting fields absorb 53 per cent. But to appreciate the benefits—in welfare—of the development of local food-supplying agriculture is not to belittle the benefits of investment in essentially *extractive* operations.

And perhaps it is well to note that IBEC has no pastoral prejudice against manufacturing. The viewpoint of its leaders is simply that food production and distribution yield the greatest improvement in welfare—and perhaps the greatest profit—of opportunities available in Venezuela and Brazil. In this way, it is believed, IBEC can best ease itself into the local economy without disrupting it. However, IBEC is ready to invest in manufacturing enterprises wherever they suit local conditions.

The export of technological know-how rather than capital alone is IBEC's trick. So far, more than a hundred technical and managerial personnel have participated in the IBEC venture, and part of this group has devoted itself to training local technicians. Each pupil is expected to exert a widening educational influence in his community. To further this phase of its work, IBEC recently set up a Technical Services Corporation to act as agent in obtaining the right experts from U. S. industry to assist in public works and other developments in foreign lands all over the globe.

IBEC concentrates on small, not large, enterprises. (It is hard to imagine a Rockefeller opening a retail shop, but some of the enterprises have done just that.) The bias in favor of smallness constitutes, of course, a direct challenge to the thesis that economic development necessarily creates giantism in the economy.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that IBEC is also directing itself toward private, rather than government, enterprise. This, too, is a challenge to common expectations on the usual course of modern economic development. But IBEC's managers believe in the revival of an international business community, or at least the growth of one in this hemisphere.

These considerations attest to the revolutionary character of the program. Various business writers, as usual more royalist than the king, already have spoken in radiant terms of IBEC's accomplishments. But in truth its accomplishments so far have been of small account. Its own leaders have not yet joined the cheering section; they speak frankly of the greenness of the experiment. For the present, IBEC's leaders are too deeply involved in cracking the two main problems thus far encountered to waste time on self-congratulation.

Foremost of the company's problems is the finding and hiring of adept field managers. Skill abounds in American industry, and sympathy with welfare economics may be found at every literary soirée, but it is hard to find both in people interested in foreign posts. Another quality, also rare, also needed in IBEC field leadership, is freedom from arrogance toward local ways of doing things. The discovered fact is that local techniques often serve well in local situations. And when modern ways prove themselves more appropriate, the *campesino* usually is ready enough to learn them and even to pass them on to his compatriots.

The other problem is to encourage the growth of a local entrepreneur class, little known so far save in the Sao Paulo region of Brazil. Obviously, such a class is needed if IBEC is not to get stuck in the frozen assets of its present operations. Many ancient deterrents are at work here. Medievalism—to put much into a word—is one. Beside it, paradoxically, exists an eagerness (too often, over-eagerness) for modernism. Sometimes this manifests itself in the wish to produce locally the most complicated machines, even though only a few primitive traces of the needed interlocking industrial development exist. In any case, IBEC seems confident that as local modernism gains in experience, it will restrain itself, and that a middle class will emerge and turn to investment-operation of industrial and commercial enterprises.

It is too early to appraise the experience of the Rockefeller enterprise, but not to see its significance. Very simply, it represents the North American faith that South America can become industrialized—not for the sake of industrialization itself but for the benefit of South Americans and of world trade. To help others help themselves is a major American idea of our time; IBEC believes—again with its pocketbook as well as its soul—that our down-under countries are seriously prepared today to help themselves move toward an industrial future.

On the North American side, the question is whether IBEC is really the way to revive American private investment abroad. This question should be limited to the direct type of foreign investment. (Direct investment is the actual operation, not mere ownership, of business enterprises.) During the 1930's very little such direct investment was undertaken, but between 1919 and 1931 Americans pumped an estimated 3.5 billion dollars abroad through entrepreneurial channels.

At the moment, there is not much new direct investment except in the petroleum field. In 1947, total net direct investment amounted to but 636 million dollars, of which 408 million went to Central and South America, and of which, in turn, no less than 263 million was in petroleum enterprises. In 1948 the total net direct investment reached approximately 650 million dollars—sad contrast to an easily attainable annual figure of around 1.5 billion dollars.

Apparently, American capital-owners will have to put up or shut up. Without a revival of their interest in the private-investment field, even if IBEC were glitteringly successful in the full range of its portfolio, it would wind up as a strange little undertaking that only Rockefeller determination and power could support.

From this point of view, not just IBEC, but all of American private enterprise, will be put to a most serious test in the coming years.

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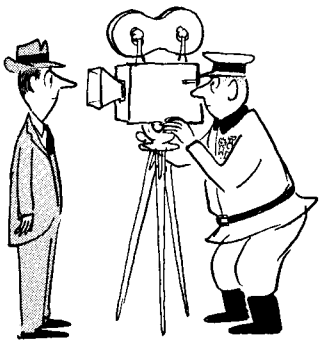
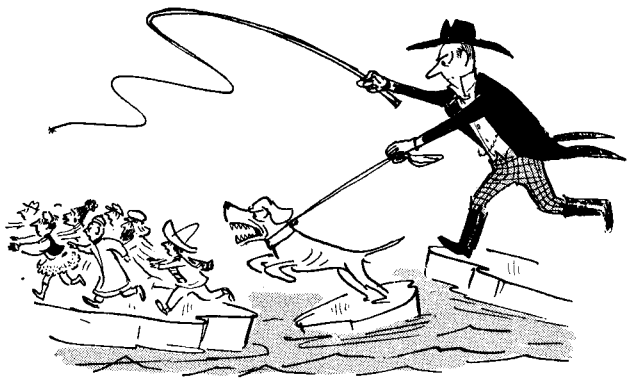


The American

A Kremlin Productions Release

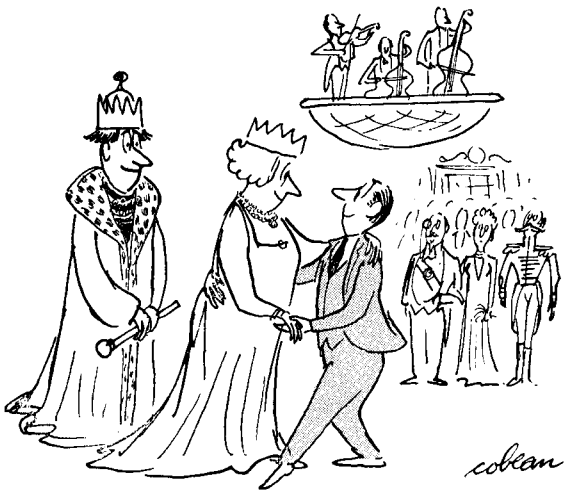


Enslaver of Lesser Nations

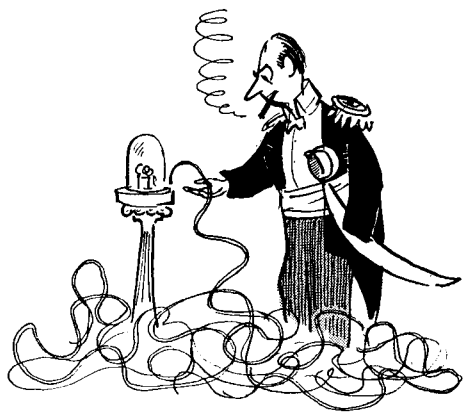
Ruthless Imperialist

Power Mad Capitalist

Friend of Reaction



Pawn of Royalty



Wall Street Militarist

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To Man's Measure

Voluntary Aid

For a time, before we went into the war, letters were still delivered from Europe. They had been opened, marked "Read by Censor," then pasted together again; they were dirty with handling; they looked as if they had been lost for months. Their language was guarded. But, from them, you got an idea of what was happening to your friends and relatives abroad. Then we were at war. War stopped the mails.

To most Americans, this did not matter; a great many had never written a letter to, or received one from, Europe. To other millions of Americans, the stopping of the mails brought special private anxiety and frustration. To them, general disaster for a continent meant specific disaster for specific people, people with names, first names, ages, and in specific places — in the dark courts of the Old Ghetto in Warsaw; in the second house on the left after the church in San Giovanni in Fiore, Calabria, Italy; in the Bülowplatz in Berlin; in Ruthenian Munkacevo; in Salonika, Greece. When the mails stopped you could no longer write to or help these people.

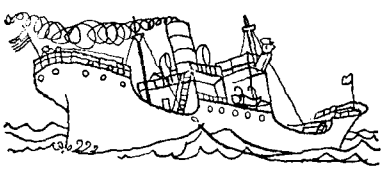
So you gave to the National War Fund till the war ended.

Then you stood in line at the post office, with a package to send abroad; sometimes the package was overweight, or it was not tied right, and then you had to do it all over again.

Everywhere stores put out signs offering to attend to the shipments, attending also to their profits. CARE was set up—a non-profit organization. The government helped pay for the shipment of packages to the countries it was helping. Through CARE, eight million packages of food, clothing, and bedding have gone out since 1946 to fifteen countries, and the CARE shipments represent only a minor percentage of the total.

At the end of the war there was the possibility of reunion through the mails; it was seized upon; Europeans with discoverable mailing addresses benefited. Other Europeans were no longer at home—the Jewish people, to take the cruellest example of dispersion. Reunion with the dead is not possible through the mails—six million Jews had been murdered. You cannot send CARE packages to the lost—thousands upon thousands of Jews were lost without trace. Everywhere in Europe, there were citizens of nations that no longer existed, people with no homes ever to return to. That is why the reunion could hardly be complete.

A whole continent (a world) was ruined; all America set to work rebuilding the ruins—as if a farm had burned down in the countryside and the neighbors came to do what they could.



If you think of it that way, you can talk about American aid to Europe without making it seem that Americans were the only generous people who ever lived. People are always generous when there is trouble right at home; this time the trouble across the seas became as evident to Americans as if it were in one of our states.

People who had never known anyone abroad, who had no families abroad, who had all their interests here, and their business here (or were farmers), who had no particular reason for thinking, or, at least, no habit of thinking about people outside America, thought now about foreigners in distress as if they were Americans in distress. It was natural enough for the Jewish people in America to help the Jewish people abroad, for the Catholics to be concerned with the Catholics, the Protestants with the Protestants, the Quakers with everybody; naturally every group here thought of a corresponding group abroad; but what also happened is that it became natural for Americans with no connections abroad to think of Europe.

This awareness did not come suddenly. Before the war, Americans had helped the refugees from Nazi Germany, the Chinese when they were driven from their homes by invasion, the Spanish during their civil war. And when the world war started, Americans sent bundles to Britain, at one end of Europe, food and medicine past the submarines to Greece, at the other; for every country in between there were one or more committees, and, for Poland, there were a hundred.

When the war ended, the government started UNRRA and then the Marshall Plan, but the American people acted as if something done by the government is not as good as something you do yourself. They acted as if they were paying no taxes for European recovery, as if everything depended on what they did themselves, as individuals or in groups.

We use our American methods. Some people go out and send off a food package without a word to anyone;

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others get a brass band. It's fine both ways. We use the radio, publicity, movie stars, and trick names, and a lot of the work is done by all kinds of agencies.

The Friendship Train rolled across the country; so many people wanted to put cans of food on it that there had to be two sections—one for the North, another for the South, five hundred box cars altogether. The Michigan Junior Chamber of Commerce put a Friendship Food Caravan on the road. The Mid-West CROP (Christian Rural Overseas Program) Train, started by a man who said that "rural folks didn't have the same opportunity as city folks to contribute to overseas relief," filled more than a thousand cars with food from twenty-five farming states. There were ships, too: the Pacific Northwest Christmas Ship, the California Goodwill Milk Ship, the Yankee Relief Ship.

We like to organize. And so the returned veterans, the Rotary Clubs, the League of Women Voters, Third Grade School Children from Passaic to Pasadena, churches (not "denominations"—village churches with picnics on the lawn in aid of Greek children) and labor unions organized drives for relief. Dunkirk, N. Y., adopted Dunkerque, France. Morganville, Kansas, adopted Fèves, in the hills of Lorraine, because it wished "to do something which will help broaden our vision beyond our rim of prairie." Five hundred communities in America did things for five hundred communities abroad.

When you say that since the outbreak of the war individual gifts of money or goods have amounted to more than four billion dollars, or that in 1948 alone two-thirds of a billion of voluntary aid was sent abroad, the sums are staggering.

Through the individual action of people in this country many Europeans lived who would have died. That is the result we sought and obtained. There may be another result.

If most Europeans admit, intellectually, that there are farmers and workmen in America (the Russians always refer to our farmers as "peasants"), they do so only because it is impossible to imagine a country made up entirely of bankers, cowboys, and gangsters. It has always been difficult for Europeans to think of us as a people who mostly work—as they do—for a living. But now, as a result of the clothes, the food, the money that individual Americans sent to individual Europeans, there may be a new degree of understanding, better than that provided by governmental action, or by the movies, or even by Mr. Steinbeck's novels. It is very easy, and dangerous, to exaggerate this relationship. Making much of words like "gratitude" or speculating on political effects (anti-Communism, Atlantic Pact, and so on) will surely not strengthen it. All that can be said is that a connection has been made with Europeans that was not there before—because the mails were running once again and we used them.

King Canute

It is all, of course, a matter of scale. Against the unthinkable distances of outer space in which the stars explode and vanish, the cloud at Bikini is as important as a cup fungus dehiscing in a quiet field, throwing out its spores before the indifferent stare of a cow.

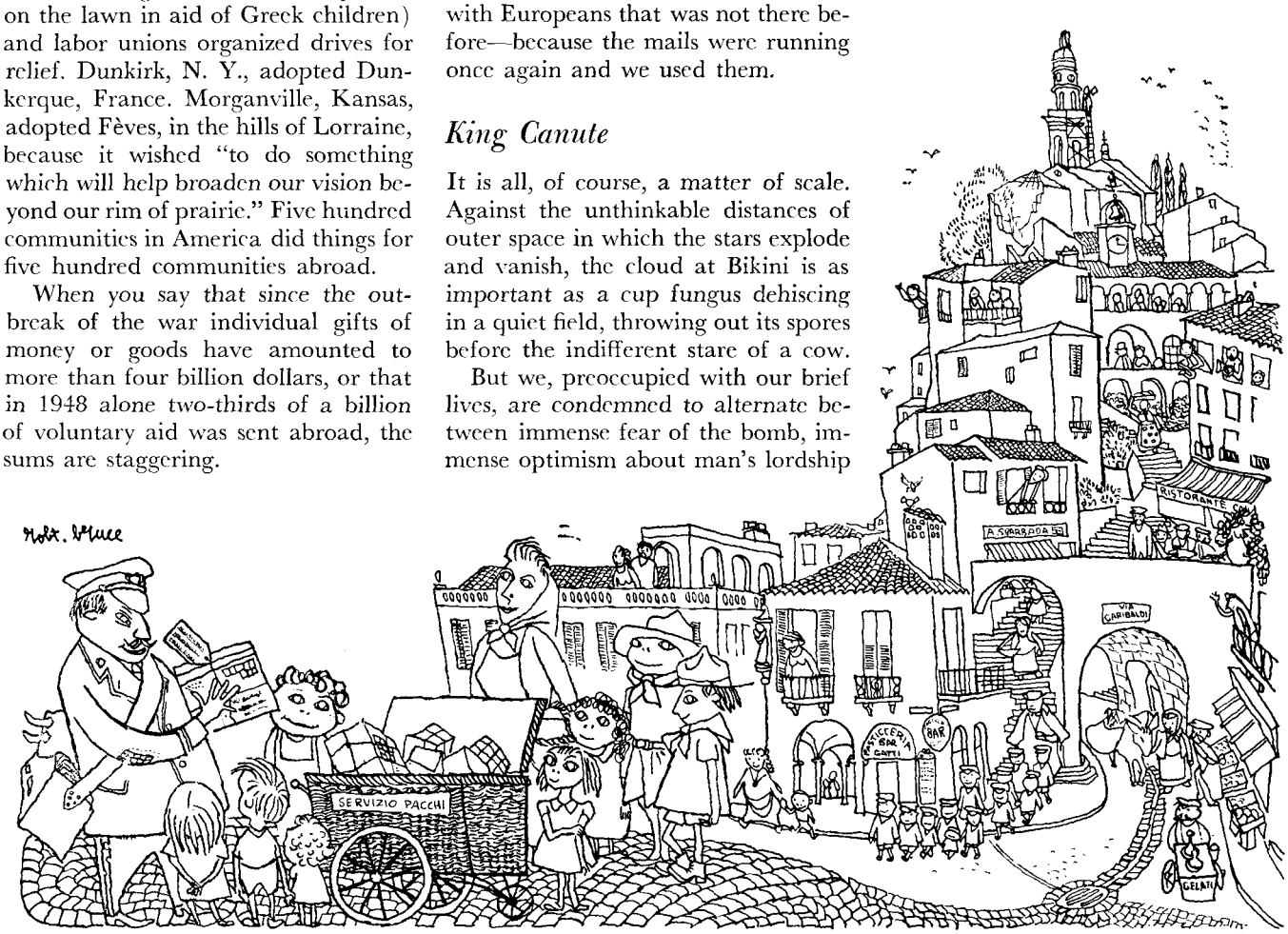
But we, preoccupied with our brief lives, are condemned to alternate between immense fear of the bomb, immense optimism about man's lordship over matter. Nations shudder, hope, and keep trying to take a decision. Atomic energy is here: what do we do about it?

Spain has made up its mind; it wants to command the atomic wave to stand still. The Spanish Customs held a shipment of radiocarbon on the docks for five months before letting it through, reluctantly, to Madrid.

Cultural Conference

The meetings took place not long ago, but it is unfair to ask what Shostakovich said at the Waldorf in New York, what Rogge said at Carnegie Hall, whether Eluard was there or not, and the name of one of the three Polish delegates. Not many people could answer.

By now the Europeans have reported back to teacher; in the quiet, spring Cambridge nights, Dr. Shapley peers through his telescope at the stars and all we remember of the whole front-page excitement—please God, not for long—are those kneeling pickets whose prayer was for hate.



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Dallas Center, Iowa

The Farmer's in the World

When the stranger arrived, the afternoon sun was fast drying the mud on the streets and automobiles. Beyond, where the steaming black land crowded the crossroads town on every side, the sunlight loosened the flats and hillsides into running gumbo, and raised a richness in the cow yards, and caused the barns to warp and creak. It was late March: a time of enforced idleness and uneasy speculation, between the winter mending and the spring planting. A great many farmers were in town. One of them nodded to the stranger:

"Town looks busy," the stranger remarked.

The farmer nodded again.

"On a Tuesday, too," the stranger went on. "What kind of a winter did you have?"

"Terrible. Cold."

"Well, it's muddy enough around here now. I've always heard that that's a good sign."

"No. It ought to be drier. Planting may be held up."

"That's too bad."

"Well, it is and it ain't. Suppose we do have a big crop. Where we going to sell it?"

The stranger eased down beside the farmer.

"Europe?"

"Farmers over there had a big year in '48. Ought to have a bigger one this year."

"But we're still going to ship them all the wheat we can."

The farmer frowned.

"Don't talk wheat around here, Mister. We don't raise wheat in this part of Iowa. Raise corn and feed it to the hogs. Hogs are the money."

"Well, we eat plenty of pork in the United States. That should keep you rich."

"Nobody's rich. I been dipping into my savings account."

"Far?"

"Some. I don't like to get into my bonds."

"Well, pork should make it up to you this year."

"Pork's the worst since before the war; down to nineteen and a half cents. It was twenty-four cents in '46."

"What was it in '34?"

"Two and a half cents," the farmer said quietly.

"Well?"

"Pork's down, Mister. That's all!"

There was a long pause.

"How's corn?" the stranger prompted again.

"Down."

"What are you going to do?"

The farmer considered the question.

"Raise hogs." He shifted his seat. "But I don't like the looks of things. The *Register and Tribune* in Des Moines says the country's somewhere between the boom and whatever's coming. Nobody knows where. What do you make of that?"

"That's what I heard in Chicago and the Tri-Cities. Are you worried?"

"Starting to be."

"Well, that doesn't sound like you think it's so bad."

"Oh, it's bad! I can get a new tractor now soon's I want it."

"Why, that's fine."

"No, I'd sooner have to wait. This way, it looks like we're working up another depression."

"But the government's economic commission says we're only in a 'twilight zone'—levelling off."

"Levelling off? Say, that sounds like it'll be here sooner than we thought."

"Maybe not. The President is asking for price controls the same as three or four years ago. He wants to fight inflation."

"Price controls?" The farmer stroked his chin. "Well, we do have to do something about the price of machinery, of course. Labor, too."

"What about food?"

"Food's fine."

"Do you know what they're saying about the price of food in the city?"

"I know what they're saying about a lot of things all over the world. This ain't any backwoods, Mister. We got the radio."

"Does it say that people in Des Moines, for instance, aren't eating as well this year?"

"Yep. I know that. I got a daughter there, working for the Equitable. I got another girl in Los Angeles and another one in Rome, Italy, married to a government man. I get the word."

"Well, if this thing grows, what'll you do?" persisted the stranger. "Holler for price supports?"

"We got a darn sight too much government already."

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"Will you try acreage control again?"

"That's worse'n killing hogs."

"Well, what will you do?"

"We got the Farm Price Act from the last Congress."

The stranger looked surprised.

"Why, everybody knows that's government support at the wartime top!"

"Everybody knows it?"

"The Congress made enough stink about it."

"Now, hold on!" said the farmer, abruptly. "We don't want that. We don't want the people in the city to think we're trying to gouge them."

"Well, what do you want?"

"We want what's fair!"

The farmer sat back.

"We want to get back to normal," he went on, soberly. "We don't want any favors. We want steady prices, even if they're lower. That's fair."

"What if they won't steady?"

The farmer blinked.

"Then it's dog eat dog, I guess. We'll have to fight for what help we can get. The Farm Bureau says maybe we ought to ask for supports somewhere between 50 and 90 per cent of parity."

"But I thought you were against supports altogether?"

"That's right. But we may need them."

"Would you pay taxes to keep a price support under a delicatessen in New York?"

The farmer recognized a pat question when he heard it. "Hell, no!" he snorted, playing it straight. "We don't want Socialism in this country!"

"Do you think Truman's farm program sounds like Socialism?"

"No. Truman's a good man. I heard him talk at Dexter last September. He knows what the farmer wants."

"Who'd you vote for?"

"Dewey."

"Well," said the stranger, rather hastily, "it's nice to have had this talk with you. In the city you get out of touch."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"By the way, what's the name of this town?"

"Dallas Center, Mister. Eighteen miles from Des Moines."

"Pretty place."

"Well, it is and it ain't . . ."

In most of the crossroads in Iowa's ninety-nine counties this spring, the farmers worried one another, or worried strangers, with talk like this. It helped pass the time while they waited for the reviving earth to thaw until it would crumble damply in the hand and be ready for planting. In Dallas Center, everyday conversation was often edgy. One reason was the long prairie winter which, although it had little of the record savagery of the great storms farther west, wore its customary chinks in barns and men. Then, there were the persistent rumors of depression from the cities, and the local signs that one might indeed be on the way—the recent drop in pork prices, for instance, or the January slump in the prices of grain, fats, and oils, or the slow recovery from the general price break of early 1948. Iowa's entrapment in the "twilight zone," both in the weather and in the economy, was a great irritant, of course. But the overriding reason for Dallas Center's unrest was not in the future at all but in the past. It was the memory of '32-'34 and the dread that the whole Midwest might be headed once more for the days of eighteen-cent corn and two-bit wheat. That was the arch-fear, the farmer's true *Angst* this blustery spring.

One of the farmers who felt it strongest was an alert, friendly, middle-sized man named Maynard Menafee. Menafee was losing his will to fight the depression when the war came along. He now owns and farms ninety gently-rolling acres two miles northwest of Dallas Center, his listening post. In 1940, he was a tenant farmer with a wife, a small son, an open mind, an above-average farming skill, and a net worth a little short of $3,000 to recommend him. His net worth (the phrase is a favorite with administrators) is now some $45,000 and there are no debts. He has a small savings account, enough insurance, and some bonds laid away. He is infinitely better off than most people who worked out the war in the cities, for salaries, or the thousands who abandoned the land to work in the war factories—the people who never recovered from the plague of depression, drought, chinch bugs, and dust storms.

Menafee is not a typical Iowa farmer, because there is no such thing. Still, in broad outline, his success story is remarkably like that of some 200,000 other farmers now making crops around the Hawkeye State. He is a lucky man in that he was ready when the break came. He is a steady man, too: the provider, the balance; a man with heavy responsibilities toward the hungry in Paris, Brussels, Rome, and Berlin; a man who has been plucked from traditional middle-border isolation and stamped with a new kind of averageness by the automobile, the movie, the radio, and the newspaper, and yet a man whose curiosity and sympathy are far from average. His future is mixed up with those of the longshoreman in San Francisco, the foreman in Detroit, and the bushelman in Philadelphia. He is the fiercely independent dependent who has felt that government threatened his freedom even while it lifted him from the threat of

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peonage; who voted for Federal price supports while he longed for a world economy that would make price supports unnecessary; who hated the war that lifted the mortgage.

Menafee has been farming one place and another, on a subsistence level and above, since 1928. In 1931, a year after he had married a schoolteacher, he owned no farm machinery and was thankful to be sharecropping eighty acres of his grandfather's land. Two years later, when the names of banks and insurance companies were becoming Midwest expletives, he was trying to work four hundred acres he had rented in Guthrie County. He failed. The sheriff, armed with eviction notices, was just beginning to have more work than he could do when the Menafees moved to Dallas County and began working eighty acres on a grain-share rental basis. They raised enough corn to feed three cows, and lived on the $25 a month they earned from the sale of milk and eggs in Des Moines. Then, while Agriculture Secretary Henry Wallace plugged through his hog-killing and corn-ceiling programs, the dust began to roll up out of Kansas and Oklahoma. The summer of 1934 brought coppery, gritty gloom at noontime, a plague of chinch bugs, and blistering weeks without rain. If the depression had any distinct bottom on the prairie, this was it.

In the years from 1934 to 1939, Menafee inched his net worth up to $3,000—if you include a tractor on which he had not been able to make a payment in two years. In 1940, he became the first man in Dallas County to apply to the Farm Housing Administration for a property loan. He got it: $11,500 for ninety acres of land, a tiny house (in which he still lives), a barn, chicken house, corn crib, grainery, and machine shed; $500 for seed and farming equipment. That was the turning point. Menafee did not count on a war boom to lift him over. He had always wanted his own place and he bought it as soon as he possibly could. The boom was gratuitous, although it enabled Menafee to pay off his loan in six years. Without the war, it might easily have taken him the contract limit to accomplish the same end—forty years.

Now the white buildings of Menafee's electrified, mechanized, paid-for farm, shielded on the north by a screen of trees and fringed with ragged seedlings—Menafee's farm sits rock-solid in the mud. Beyond it in all directions, at the whim of the weather and the world, lies Menafee's state.

The principal fact about Iowa is a functional one: the farmers there are making progress almost as swift as that in the field of plastics. Menafee uses a new chemical spray called 2,4-D which has reduced his once back-breaking weeding problem to a day's work. Artificial insemination of cattle and the cross-breeding of hogs or poultry is not an unusual job for him. His sows are now bred with undershot jaws so that they can root for corn in frozen ground, so they will eat less food but put on greater poundage, or produce more milk for shoats. Some of Menafee's white hogs, which are likely to sunburn badly, are being bred to dark-skinned types for pigment. His chicken houses have thermostatic controls and red-glass windows—to keep the cannibalistic chicks from spotting a fleck of blood on an injured mate and picking it to pieces. He has an electric brooder. His cows are milked in one hour, and in squads of six, by octopus-like machines; and certain vines, like the low-growing kudzu, are ready to hold down his fallow acres and guard against another dust bowl. Menafee may buy a bewildering number of farm machines, of which combines, manure spreaders, corn pickers, binders, silage cutters, sprayers, balers, loaders, grass-seeding pulverizers, electric litter-stirrers, and feed mixers are only a few. He already possesses an awesome array

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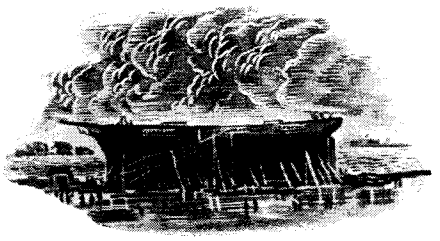
of apparatus that goes under the deceptive heading of "tractor equipment."

The Menafees spend most of their leisure time at organization or church functions, of course, or in watching their fourteen-year-old son, Myron, play basketball. Younger Iowans live a good deal of their social lives in their high-school auditoriums or in new-fangled places called "milk bars," listening gravely to bebop. The well-to-do elders have taken to wintering at home or in Florida, and here lies a strange turn in the traditional emigrant trail. For decades, Southern California has been the goal of the retired Iowa farmer. Inevitably, it has also become one of his central burying grounds, so that now all thoughts of that sunny land have become mixed up in the Iowa mind with dark premonitions of the crutch and the headstone. Florida has no such stigma as yet, so many aging Iowans now go there. Better still, many now put their money into a second home on their own property, and rent the main house, or turn it over to their sons or sons-in-law. What has altered the time-tried migratory pattern of a whole region is nothing more complex than central heating and the sunlamp.

The sprayers, the sunlamp, and the host of other glittering, efficient gadgets make the Iowa farmer's life easier, but they do not quite shield him from a recurring feeling of apprehension. He is better off, he knows, than farmers in other continents—the Chinese farmers, for instance, or the Spanish and Italian and French farmers. Yet there are some clouds in the sky of Iowa. Menafee—and the other farmers there—can never quite forget 1931 and 1932. He is not sure that the horror of those years belongs to the past alone. He does not know whether he can count upon the ever-normal price system *forever*, whether the government can go on supporting prices; he doubts it when he tunes in his radio and hears of the airlift into Berlin. He knows far more than he did in 1931 about the world, about the connection between echelons of planes in Europe and droves of hogs in Iowa. It is more apparent than ever this sullen and restless spring that, in the last twenty years or so, the world with all its shadows has moved in on Iowa and Iowa has moved into the world. It is a very unsteady world.

Quincy

Chill over the Adamses



It was fiery cold that March Saturday when I went up to Quincy, the ancient center of the Adams family; I have a taste for the Adamses, and was looking for their lost connection with this town. As I walked about the streets in the cold, it suddenly occurred to me that going to Quincy in March was the most illogical of pilgrimages. Even the wintry Adamses had identified it only with summer. In the memoirs of the "fourth" and last notable generation (they started counting the generations with President John Adams), in Henry's *Education*, in the stiff but curiously moving *Autobiography* of Charles Francis Adams, Jr.—Quincy was a synonym for color and warmth, the summer retreat awaited all year long in Boston, which they hated. Boston had been "gloom personified," as Charles Francis wrote, "frost, snow and discomfort; short days and long schoolhours; wet, cold feet, and evening lessons." But Quincy, "our summer, as well as immemorial family home . . . was associated in my mind with . . . bright skies, open windows, green fields, singing birds, the blue bay with white sails dotting it, and a distant view over a country rolling into great whale-back hills, with the State House dome on the horizon." How an Adams of that "last" generation liked having the State House dome just visible enough to remind him of what he had left behind! The exercise of power in itself, one must admit, was *not* what he was looking for. It was rather a perspective and an influence on power, the intellectual's joy in putting into laws the history others had made. Boston and State Street—the political exchange and the money market—were for the ignorant, the gross, the parvenus; Quincy was the "immemorial" home, the ancestral seed and shrine, the road back to the brightness of childhood, when Adamses had been Presidents of the United States as a matter of course.

For the Adamses, Quincy had meant summer. And here I was, vaguely tracking down these most intellectual ghosts in late winter. The air smelled of frost, coal, and tar; patches of old country roads ran between the wooden houses on the side streets, and the ground looked caked with brown frost. Still, this was almost the heart of the temple. Adamses and Quincys were invoked up and down the town, on the walls and street signs. Hancock, for he also had been Quincy. Adams itself. Beale. Willard. Abigail Adams's Stone Cairn. The Colonel Josiah Quincy Mansion. The Dorothy Quincy House. Truly, Quincy was "historical," and obviously Quincy was proud of its mementoes and heirlooms. Between Federal and Franklin Streets there were even the two little clapboard salt-box farmhouses, in one of which President John Adams had been born, and in the other

Where John Adams was born

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his son, President John Quincy Adams. They lay at the bottom of this industrial town like little toy houses, reminding it of the legendary simplicity of its ancestors. The present contained the past; in Quincy the past was remembered. But was there, for all that, any particular spiritual connection between them? Did Quincy venerate the Adams past because it was meaningful, or because it was Quincy? The Howard Johnson restaurants, as people told me proudly, had also begun around Quincy —or Quinzee, as the local people pronounce it.

Yet in historical piety, at least, how important the Adams name still is in Quincy! I went into the Unitarian Stone Temple on Hancock Street, the famous "Church of the Presidents." 1828: gray with Quincy granite: its "classical" exterior, in the style of the Greek revival, nondescript and severe. But the interior, with its great round shell floating serenely above the square white room, astonished me by its boldness. There was an effect of grandeur here, more civic than religious, that really invoked Quincy's claim to an inheritance deeper than other American towns know. The church had passed from the dour Puritanism of John and John Quincy Adams to the inoffensively bland Unitarianism of the reformers John Quincy Adams had detested and feared; the sermon, when I heard it the next morning, was of the most vapid ethical culture, delivered in unnecessarily stentorian tones to a congregation that barely filled half the pews. It did not matter: the "Temple" was fundamental, even if church and sermon were not.

Of course, the pulpit dominated the altar in good Puritan style; it was a pulpit that called for the mighty speakers on which Protestantism rests. On the walls, white marble tablets commemorating the ancient great made the real altar. John Adams on one side; John Quincy Adams on the other . . . "Near this place reposes all that could die of John Quincy Adams." It conveyed just the right astonishment before that inflexible scientific intellectual, the sixth President of the United States, whom none ever sufficiently appreciated, except in the bosom of his own family.

It was one of the parishioners on Sunday morning, who had noted a stranger and kindly offered to show me around, who told me about the crypt and led me down to it. I had to see it, he said. And he was right, I did have to. Later, as he drove me about, he gave me some of the local news and history. There was a newspaper strike; it had been going on for a long time, and the strikers were now putting out a paper of their own. Apparently there was not much sympathy with them in the town. The Irish now constituted the middle class in Quincy. The granite quarry, which had made Quincy famous early in the nineteenth century, was no longer worked much. Shipbuilding in the Fore River yards—the thing that had *really* put Quincy on the map, in the First World War—had, of course, dropped considerably since the Second; but it *did* seem as if it were picking up again. The history of the town was in its three famous crafts: shoemaking first; then the quarries; then shipbuilding. What Quincy hadn't seen during the recent war!

He drove me along the Bethlehem Steel shipyards on Braintree Fore River, their black cranes jutting over the industrial marsh; then at the end, our little tour over, let me out at the old Adams house, where from President John Adams to his erratic and brilliant great-grandson Brooks, four generations of Adamses had lived until the latter's death in 1927. The house was now run by a historical society, and unfortunately closed in winter. Obviously I *had* come in the wrong season. And too late, at any rate. For though so many Adamses had lived in Quincy, in this very house, it was impossible to think of Quincy as their "race-place" any longer. In his memoirs Charles Francis, Jr., confessed that Quincy had turned strange to him as far back as the 1890's—when, as he noted the turning-point with such surprise and humiliation, "no one knows me now as I walk the once familiar streets; and I recall no faces. With local feeling, traditions also are gone." Of course the bitterness had not been entirely against Quincy as such; honest in the Adams way, and, in the Adams way, helplessly limited in human warmth and freedom, he was disappointed chiefly with himself. Like Henry and Brooks, he thought himself a failure. Something had always cut him off from success, as his own father, with Puritan severity, had grudged him the few hours they once spent idling along the river. A cold race, cold even to each other!

Where four generations of Adamses lived

I did not need the barred fence and the shut house, the muddied garden track in winter, to remind me how hard it was to get close to an Adams. Still, it was to Quincy that the first Henry Adams had come from England three centuries before; it was in this house, the famous "old house" so lovingly re-

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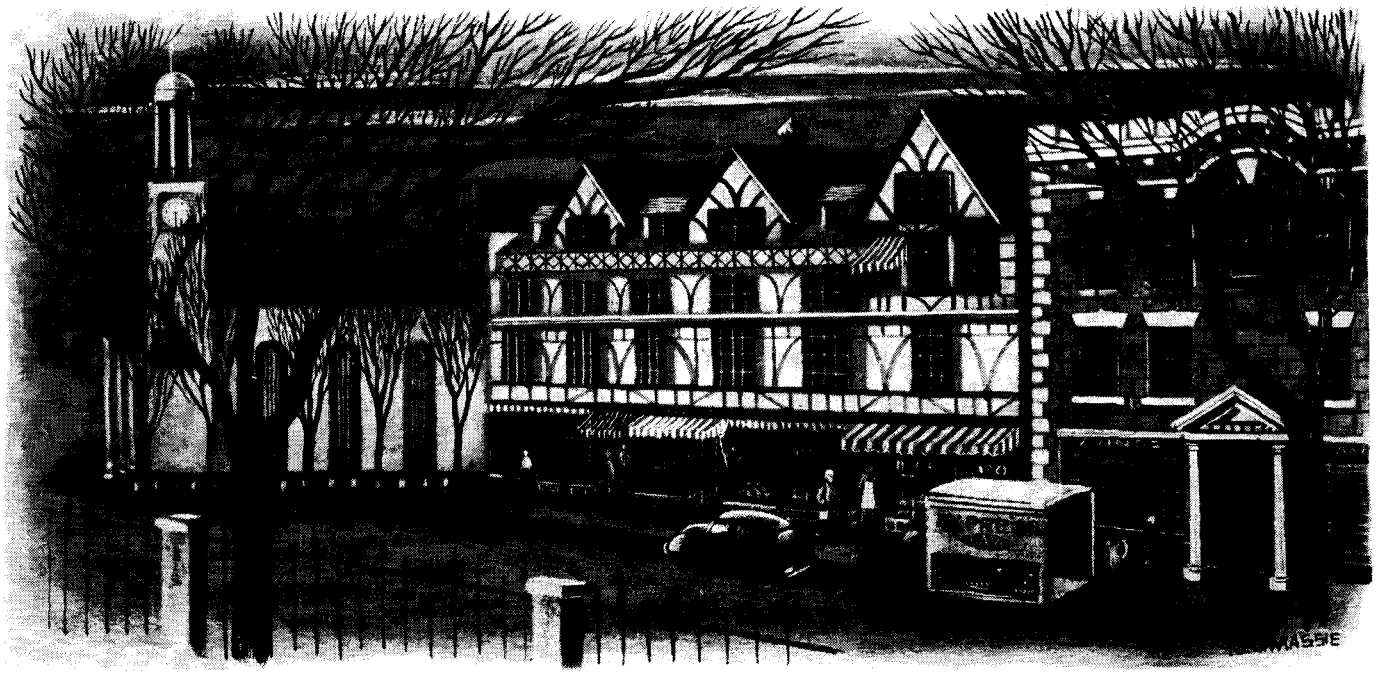
membered in Adams memoirs and letters, that four generations had lived; from here that John, John Quincy, and Charles Francis, Sr., had left in the service of the young republic; to this house that Henry and his brothers had returned after the Civil War, to measure their decline in the world of power. In the first and second generations they had been statesmen and intellectuals; in the fourth generation, intellectuals only. The lines of force which John and John Quincy Adams drew, their descendants Henry and Brooks had to trace in the quiet of their studies. Against the encroaching nightmare of a bureaucratic structure run, as they saw it, by the rich, the brazen, and the selfish, they had fought with the only weapons left them, a love of history and the need to understand it.

But was it only the failure to continue in power that explained the special intellectual despondency of that fourth generation? This was the Adams drama that everyone knew, that even Henry and Brooks themselves had cultivated. It outlined the American story in miniature, from the Federalist genius of the eighteenth century to the popular mediocrity of the nineteenth and the catastrophe of the twentieth; it spelled out the decline of our true aristocracy, from the old house in Quincy to the modern mass-city. After us, the deluge! The very titles of Brooks's works convey the idea—*The Law of Civilization and Decay; Theory of Social Revolution; The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma.* And certainly there was no more rigid insistence on the alienation of the modern American intellectual than Henry's *Education,* or those brilliantly explosive last letters, with their shrieks of rage against "our whole fabric and conception of society . . . I shall be glad to see the whole thing utterly destroyed and wiped away."

Yet Brooks confessed that Henry would not have taken office if it had been offered him; and Brooks himself showed clearly enough that the old Adams bent for analyzing history had become his own obsession. From the habit of always being so close to power, they had passed into the deeper habit of meditating upon it. They had become intellectuals almost without meaning to, with their minds steadily on something else. Power, office, greatness, all these were what they could no longer hope to regain, for they had really lost the taste for them. When Plato dreamed of philosopher-kings, he had assumed that power and intelligence were realms equal in value. To John and John Quincy Adams, they had still been so. But Henry knew better; he had learned that love of the word and the idea, of history as realization rather than action, could be more intoxicating to some men than power itself—particularly in a time like the one he lived in.

Of course the Adamses could not bear to resign themselves to being *mere* intellectuals. Although Henry was easily one of the best writers America has produced, the whole tendency of his work was to disparage his gift, to persuade the world that his spiritual loneliness really derived from the decline of the family's political fortunes. And how else could it have been? For though he was an artist, even a secret kind of artist in the fashion of American public men, he was still an Adams; his subject was history, and history was great-grandfathers and grandfathers and even fathers who had been "great" as a matter of course, as a matter of birthright.

History was Quincy, and this old house: the very language on which he grew up had been formed from letters of power. But I knew without going into it that the old house conveyed less of Henry than his quest for the Middle Ages, for art that embodies old religions, for the color of the South Seas—to use all his senses, to be fully human, in the artist's way, as no Adams had been before him. But how hard that would have been to explain in Quincy, even to another Adams! It was not for this that the Adamses had made their last stand in Quincy, nor for this that Quincy remembered them in formal piety and pride. In Quincy "Adams" was not an idea but a family. In Quincy all Adamses were the same. —ALFRED KAZIN



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'A Sense of Necessity'

Truman, like Polk, has made terms with history he did not create

Few enough of our Presidents have touched off new eras of our national life. Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt — the list is brief, and oratory has blunted its impact—had that rare creative order of Presidential genius capable of supplying the nation, for better or for worse, with new political premises. These men, in a sense, worked transformations.

The inauguration last January produced a burst of comparisons between Harry Truman and Andrew Jackson. These comparisons were based largely on the theory, cherished more by newspapermen than by historians, that Jackson, like Truman, was a common man in politics. But the comparisons, backed up by alleged similarities between the inaugural crowds of 1829 and 1949, were seriously misleading. For Jackson was not only rather a country squire than a man of the people in the White House; he had the endowments of creative leadership which the present Administration, for all its virtues, so plainly lacks.

The comparisons were worse than inaccurate. They were in a real sense unfair to President Truman; the contrast, while magnifying his obvious defects of vision and leadership, threw a shadow over the area of his genuine accomplishment. A more illuminating comparison could perhaps be made between Truman and one of the lesser Presidents in the Jacksonian tradition, the unspectacular, unimpressive, and underrated James K. Polk. Neither Polk nor Truman had the greatness to anticipate and master history. Both had the courage to accept it. History might have broken them. Instead it forced them, certainly not into personal greatness, but into the performance of great and necessary things.

Polk, like Truman, had had a serious and respectable career in Congress. His talent had been for industry, application, and conscience rather than for high statesmanship. "He has no wit, no literature, no point of argument, no gracefulness of delivery, no elegance of language, no philosophy, no pathos, no felicitous impromptus," said John Quincy Adams in a famous outburst; "nothing that can constitute an orator, but confidence, fluency, and labor."

This was perhaps a period when statesmanship could get along without the classical qualities. Polk had been a highly effective floor manager for Jackson in the Bank fight and then Speaker of the House; later he had served as Governor of Tennessee. And, when the southern Democrats in the bitter Baltimore convention of 1844 refused to give Martin Van Buren the necessary two-thirds vote, Polk was almost the only southerner acceptable to Van Buren's liberal supporters. He won the nomination in much the same way as a hundred years later a man from another border state got the support of the northern liberals for the Vice-Presidential nomination because, they figured, he was at least preferable to the candidate of the southern Bourbons.

James K. Polk, to the general amazement, proceeded to defeat the perennial Whig candidate, Henry Clay. He came to Washington early in 1845 well aware, as he told a friend, that he lacked "the personal strength" of some of his predecessors. But he was determined that this would be his own Administration—not the Administration of his patron, General Jackson, still vigorous in the Hermitage, nor of his northern friend, Martin Van Buren, still a dominant influence in New York. "I intend to be *myself* President of the U. S.," Polk wrote to a friend, underlining the pronoun; he would be *locum tenens* for nobody.

He went quietly about creating his own Administration. He rid the government of old Jacksonians whose loyalties he suspected might lie elsewhere; and he did so even at the risk of offending Andrew Jackson, who had made him President. For many years, for example, Francis P. Blair, Jackson's intimate adviser, had run the party organ in Washington. But Polk curtly dismissed Blair and brought in a new man on whose loyalty he felt he could count. He appointed men unacceptable to the Jacksonians and refused to appoint old Jacksonians coming to him with endorsements from the Hermitage. Ignoring the counsel of Jackson, of Van Buren, of John C. Calhoun, he picked his own Cabinet, which included some of the ablest and vainest men of the day—James Buchanan as Secretary of State, Robert J. Walker as Secretary of the Treasury, George Bancroft as Secretary of the Navy, and

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William L. Marcy as Secretary of War. From all he exacted the promise that they would renounce Presidential ambitions as long as they were in his Cabinet. Then he forged this collection of prima donnas into an effective instrument of his Presidential will.

It was Polk's own Administration as far as personnel was concerned. In the end, many of the old Jacksonians turned against him and formed a third party in support of Van Buren in 1848. But it was a fighting Jacksonian Administration in terms of issues. "There are four great measures which are to be the measures of my Administration," Polk told Bancroft a few days after his inauguration. "One, a reduction of the tariff; another, the independent Treasury; a third, the settlement of the Oregon boundary question; and lastly, the acquisition of California."

Polk's Administration fulfilled the domestic program of the Jacksonians as much as was possible in a day when slavery sickened all domestic politics. The battle for the independent Treasury had been the great issue of Van Buren's Presidency; one of the first acts of the triumphant Whigs after 1840 had been to force its repeal. Polk quickly re-established the independent Treasury in the teeth of business opposition. Then he compounded his offenses against the business community by pushing through the Walker tariff of 1846—the first serious step in American history toward effective tariff reduction.

His most remarkable achievements were in the realm of foreign policy—remarkable because this man without broad comprehension, without soaring imagination, understood the challenge of history and acted with dry precision to meet it. As the United States today is being projected involuntarily and irresistibly into the affairs of the world, so a century ago it was being projected into the affairs of a continent. Polk met the situation, not with the vision of greatness, but with a high sense of practicality.

His methods were not always edifying. To persuade the British to negotiate realistically over Oregon, he had to claim more territory than he privately thought the American case justified. But the British responded with alarm, as he knew they would, and hastily moved to settle the Oregon boundary

along the 49th parallel, which had been Polk's original basis of negotiation.

Oregon having been secured, he turned his sharp gaze toward the southwest and laid the plans for unrolling his country like a carpet across the continent. John Tyler, his predecessor in the White House, had brought about the annexation to the Union of the free Republic of Texas. Polk's vision extended beyond the plains and mountains to the Pacific coast. First he tried to buy New Mexico and California from Mexico. This failing, he ordered troops into areas where hostilities were sure to result, then snatched the first pretext to transform a border skirmish into a war.

Through the war Polk held out to Mexico City the prospect of peace in return for New Mexico and California. American victories inflamed imperialist hopes and produced demands for the annexation of all Mexico. But Polk coldly rebuffed the annexationists, who were led by Buchanan, his own Secretary of State. He wanted New Mexico and California, nothing more; and when Mexico finally agreed to sell these lands to the United States for a price, Polk was satisfied. The continental nation was complete. Moralists of Polk's time and since have objected to his methods, as well they might. But none, so far as I know, has suggested that Oregon be returned to Britain or California to Mexico—or that these territories would have been better off had they remained under the control of their original owners.

Polk had a sense of American necessity in the North American continent; he had a sense of American possibility in the western hemisphere. President Monroe's bold declaration of 1823 had been all but forgotten for a generation while foreign powers freely carried out programs of intervention and colonization in Latin America. In his annual message of 1845, Polk restated the declaration of Monroe with new force. He clearly did not intend it to tie American hands; but he reaffirmed and strengthened its warnings against European interference and even diplomatic intrigue. It was Polk who changed what had been known in the 1820's as the "Monroe Message" into the firm and solid Monroe Doctrine that we know today.

Some men, like Jackson and Roosevelt, may be said to have created history. Others, like Buchanan and Hoover, could not escape it. Still others, like Polk, managed to rise to its bare necessities. George Bancroft, looking at Polk's record from the remote perspective of 1888, could declare, "His Administration, viewed from the standpoint of results, was perhaps the greatest in our national history, certainly one of the greatest." Historians in general have come to agree; the revaluation of Polk has been a striking example of recent revision in historical judgment. Indeed, a few months ago, when fifty-five leading historians rated the Presidents ("A Yardstick for Presidents" in Arthur M. Schlesinger's *Paths to the Present*), James K. Polk made the second category, the "near great."

Viewed, in Bancroft's phrase, "from the standpoint of results," Truman's Administration too is so far an impressive one. There is no magnificence in it; but there is the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Pact, the Bold New Program for the development of backward areas—a revolution in our foreign policy. And there may still be a civil rights program and a set of Fair Deal measures that would employ Federal power to underwrite personal security to a degree unknown to our history.

In a real sense, the Administration is the lengthened shadow of the President. The man who makes terms with history may be less great than the man who can create it: he is enormously to be preferred to the man who is run over by it. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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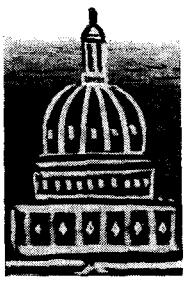
The Fair Deal

. . . an experiment in 'expansive vagueness'



The spirit of American politics has always been pragmatic; our most effective leaders have responded to necessities and opportunities without worrying too much about whether they were acting consistently, according to some enveloping theory. Jefferson, who had once set 30,000 as the maximum population for a genuinely democratic community, added the vast territory of Louisiana to the Union, invoking a Federal authority which, in principle, he would have been the first to resent. Jackson, believing in limited government and decentralized control, cleared the way for a democracy acting broadly and powerfully in the people's interests. Yet such examples of inconsistency do not obscure the fact that at the core of our most successful political experiments there has been a body of reasonably explicit ideas, giving purpose to, and limiting the scope of, governmental action.

Today's broad undertaking is called the Fair Deal. The name was an afterthought, and carries the unfortunate suggestion that the deal that preceded this one was unfair. But what matters is substance. Do the measures which Mr. Truman has made his own, taken altogether, amount to a program with ends that can be defined and results that can be calculated?

It is useful to compare the Fair Deal to the other programs with similar names which have come up out of the reform waves of this century. The intellectual content has steadily declined. Theodore Roosevelt's Square Deal was as unpredictable as its author; yet, as an attack upon the fringe excesses of industrialism, it had, from the start, a certain firmness of outline. Wilson could impart to his New Freedom a definite meaning—the clearing of the economic stage and the freeing of the market so that competitive energies could have another chance. The New Deal, in comparison to these, was vaguely expansive in its objectives and *ad hoc* in its methods. Yet Franklin Roosevelt at his best was never merely a passive broker between groups. In the new attitude of the government toward power, conservation, agriculture, as well as in the acceptance of government's responsibility in controlling the economic cycle, he left a political structure of defined and recognizable form.

We are still in the midst of Mr. Truman's Fair Deal, and it is perhaps unjust to appraise it as severely as the finished programs. What is condemned as confusion (or even taken for defeat) from day to day may sometime turn out to have a meaning that is imperceptible now. Yet at the heart of the Fair Deal, there are, unquestionably, certain basic and unresolved dilemmas. Is it merely a new installment of Franklin Roosevelt's program? Or is it the expression of new concepts, which can be summed up under the new term "the social welfare state"? Even more fundamental, is it a program primarily of domestic or world implications?

At the start of his Administration, Franklin Roosevelt had determined that the depression must be beaten on the home front. His program was almost completely a domestic one; and it was laid aside (as Wilson's had been earlier) in proportion as world problems engaged him. Mr. Truman has not made such a choice, and perhaps in the nature of things he could not have done so.

In principle there is a good deal to be said in favor of the government putting through new social and economic reforms rapidly, at the same time that it takes on the Marshall Plan, the Fourth Point, and other programs. Without domestic reforms we drift away from the Third Force in Europe, our natural ally; without economic controls we risk the depression that would confound our hopes. Yet there is a limit to what even a nation like ours can undertake. Maintaining armed forces of unprecedented size and expensiveness, liquidating the most costly of all wars, and arming a continent as well as underwriting its prosperity, might be considered enough for any country. But all this must be undertaken while social benefits are being extended and fixed costs cumulatively increased at home.

The promises already made in the name of the Fair Deal involve heavy commitments; but they are not the end. Social welfare schemes by their nature can hardly stop growing. The distant goal of one generation becomes the established right of the next. Even within the present program, moreover, there are expenses whose full weight is not immediately apparent. The military budget, for our own forces,

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will increase, rather than diminish, if the armed forces get their way; the arms program for Europe has not yet been figured in. The civilian budget for the year allows only small preliminary payments for the establishment of housing and medical programs.

This rather haphazard piling of measure on measure, of commitment at home on commitment abroad, may be attributed in part to Mr. Truman's particular brand of statesmanship. His habit has been to submit long lists of measures, individually desirable, but lacking cohesiveness and often lacking any real chance of being enacted. He has never been a master of selection, of acute combination, of timing. The conglomerate nature of his Fair Deal, however, may be explained on deeper grounds. The whole tendency of progressive politics in this country has been a departure from the substantive, the programmatic, toward random concessions to groups within the community.

If a liberal in the days of Theodore Roosevelt or Wilson had been asked what constituted the core of his liberalism, he would certainly have listed specific principles and objectives. He might have said that he believed in more power for the people, and favored the direct primary; or in less power for monopolies, and favored the anti-trust laws. It is significant that recently when the New York *Herald Tribune* opened this question, it had to sum up the results by saying that liberalism has become "largely a mood, an attitude, detached from political implications. The liberal is a person of breadth, of tolerance, receptive to new proposals." Liberalism, which in the individual takes the form of a sort of mental and spiritual hospitality, becomes in the state a kind of habitual deference to claims, pressures, and interests. Government, as it were, grows open-minded, giving satisfaction where possible without bothering about ultimate ends.

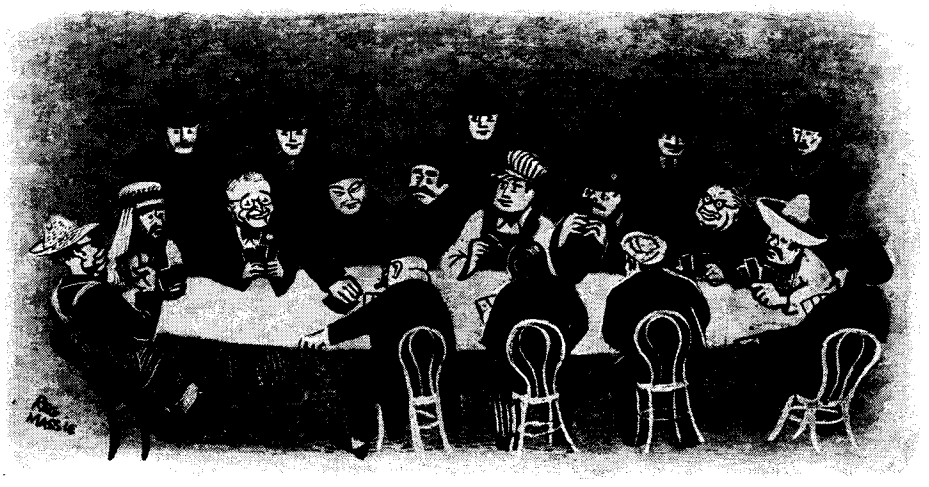
The habit of promoting group interests is not new in our politics. Early democratic theorists could maintain that every law affects all citizens in precisely the same way; but in practice both parties responded without inhibition to diverse sectional and economic claims. It was always believed, nevertheless, that essentially local measures could, and demonstrably did, help out the people as a whole. In the case of roads and canals this proposition was almost self-evident; but the theorists refined their analysis in various ways. They argued that the general interest was achieved when separate interests had been promoted and brought into balance. Sometimes they maintained, as the Utilitarians did with reference to individuals, that groups by rival activity tended to create harmony.

The New Deal was to go far toward establishing the dogma that to satisfy diverse groups is in itself a good, and is the chief aim of democratic politics. The various parts of President Roosevelt's program were not measured against one another; even where it could be shown that some of them were working toward contradictory ends, the net result was assumed to be beneficial. When as many claims as possible had been met, a temporary quiescence would follow.

A like procedure seems particularly congenial to Mr. Truman's temperament. For Mr. Truman is fundamentally a simple man, who likes to please people, individually and in groups; and the idea that by giving them what they want he can advance the public good is one which must have a strong appeal for him.

And his attitude has unquestionably brought its gains. It has humanized politics, created in democratic leaders a tendency to modesty and deference, made the modern state responsive to men's wants. It has undermined the dangerous idea that the common good is an image in the minds of the experts, the planners, or the "best" citizens, to be protected at all costs against the assaults of ordinary citizens. The nineteenth century had set economics on a pedestal, insisting that rational calculations must rule over the more generous instincts of man's nature; it was high time that a balance be reasserted.

It is evident, besides, that by practical tests the inconsistencies inevitable under such a system of politics, the likelihood of demands piling up on demands, have not been nearly so dangerous as might have been expected. It once was feared that if the plain people were allowed to vote, they would immediately oppress all minorities and root out every trace of the aristocracy. In the same vein it has been gloomily prophesied that once the possibility of having the state satisfy human needs was recognized, the people would drive it promptly into bankruptcy. But as a matter of fact these things have not occurred; or at



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least they are not occurring nearly so quickly as had been anticipated.

As a matter of fact, we have begun as a people to think not of dollars but of real wealth, natural resources and human potentialities. Conservatives have regularly sought to check social gains by announcing that the nation was "going broke." At successive points they have declared that the national debt had reached its absolute limit. The people, however, were not fooled by the words; and gradually it has become plain, even to conservative economists, that monetary factors do not by themselves set bounds to progress. The Marshall Plan was a sufficiently vast undertaking to cause us to look to basic resources; what could we afford, not in terms of dollars, but of steel and oil and timber and coal? This sort of calculation must increasingly shape our judgment of the domestic budget, with its schemes of social improvement.

Yet when all this has been said, the fact remains that a liberal program must be something more than a series of more or less unconscious reactions to pressures, a more or less automatic response to needs—the whole modified by inertia and by internal stresses. Foresight and calculation must enter somewhere along the line. Intelligible limits must be sought out and defined.

Labor has wanted the Taft-Hartley law repealed; the Americans for Democratic Action have wanted civil rights reform. But neither of these groups, nor any one of a multitude of others, has had before it a total program—with a clear outline, attainable ends, and parts related by some kind of logic. Few liberals, if they have been frank with themselves, can say that any single aspect of the Fair Deal has been developed with expert competence.

In this expansive vagueness lies the real challenge to American liberalism. It must keep its pleasant receptiveness, its optimistic assumption that a little inconsistency is all to the good. But at the same time, unless its hopes are to dwindle in short-lived advances, it must put a new stress on coherent programs and on carefully worked out measures. The world is not so simple as Mr. Truman has supposed, and a Deal does not become effective merely because it has a striking name.

—AUGUST HECKSCHER

Paris

The Meaning of de Gaulle

When Americans ask whether the de Gaulle movement is fascist, it is clear that they have not properly understood the extreme gravity of a problem, which, unfortunately, does not concern France alone. It is this: Are the familiar institutions of democracy, which we inherited from the last century and hoped would be restored automatically after the war, able to fill the needs of modern society? Or, to define it more narrowly, can we play the traditional game when our opponent, the Communist Party, does not stick to the rules?

We maintain, probably with reason, that Communism takes root in and develops out of economic disorder and poverty, and that the surest way to defeat it is to bolster up the national economy and reinvigorate production. Let us look, for instance, at France. Out of 621 Deputies to the French Parliament, only 167 are Communists. Obviously the non-Communist majority is large enough, even allowing for differences of opinion, to form a government without Communist participation. The problem is not a parliamentary one.

It lies, rather, in the fact that the Communists control the mammoth workers' organization, the *Confédération Générale du Travail,* and that, by setting in motion any one of a number of different types of strike, they can throw production out of gear, halt the process of reconstruction, and drastically reduce the benefits of American aid. So far every attempt to take this organization out of Communist hands has been unsuccessful. When the Communists are in command, a complex system of intimidation, intrigue, and violence prevents the exercise of a free democratic vote. Here the best way to combat them would be by raising wages and increasing social benefits. But the precarious situation of French industrial production can barely meet the present level of wages. The French government has not succeeded in creating even a semblance of social justice. The contrast between the wealth of a few and the poverty of most is striking, but much of the wealth that hits the eye is only a sort of window-dressing. The French moneyed class has shrunk so considerably that even if an equitable income tax were to draw off some of its excess riches, the net benefit to the poor would scarcely be enough to alter, for any length of time, their position. The pie to be sliced is a small one and to make it any bigger would require the joint efforts of every class of society, including the workers whose cooperation is held back by the Communist leaders of the C.G.T.

The de Gaulle movement is founded on the opinion, widely held among Frenchmen of all classes, that Communism is the cause of all French troubles and that democratic machinery is inadequate to cope with it. The masses fail to understand that Communism, for all its obvious importance, is not the only problem confronting the world today. Some individuals do understand, and for this reason, contrary to what is generally supposed, the French wealthy classes are by and large against de Gaulle for economic as well as intellectual reasons.

De Gaulle's appeal also stems, of course, from other factors: his personal prestige, disappointment in the aftermath of liberation, and the unwillingness of the French to admit that France is no longer a great power. But these are secondary causes. Underlying the de Gaulle movement, deeper than any other motive, is the conviction that a drastic overhauling of democratic institutions is needed if French democracy is to overcome the threat of Communism. In other words, de

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Gaulle and his followers want to subject the ailing French democracy to a drastic treatment, for they say that that is the only sure way to effect a return to health.

This premise is accepted by the three main forces in de Gaulle's *Rassemblement du Peuple Français.*

One force, centered about Malraux, Wallon, and, to some degree, Soustelle, is frankly revolutionary. Its leaders, who deny being reactionary, are looking for new ways in which capital and labor can achieve cooperation. They are attracted by the interesting theory of a "proportionate wage," which holds considerable appeal for small and medium-size business and has, to say the least, been influenced by the late Italian corporate state. The leaders themselves feel that the corporate idea was not a bad one, but maintain that Mussolini spoiled it by monopolizing the selection of the corporation officials and eliminating every vestige of democracy inside the corporations. The revolutionary de Gaullists say if employers and employees elect their own representatives to the corporations, and if the representatives of both work with those of the general public, then you have the institutions that democracy in our times demands. For they hold that the essence of corporativism is in this triangular cooperation, and that the proportionate wage can be determined by reconciling the three interests.

The second, more traditionalist, wing of the de Gaullist movement revolves around the so-called *inter-groupe,* led by Giacobbi and, now and then, by Pleven. These men do not want to abandon the parliamentary system, but are determined to abolish proportional representation and restore the prewar system of one representative for each electoral district. This would probably reduce the number of Communists in the Chamber to as few as twenty or thirty, and then a crushing anti-Communist majority might even outlaw the party.

The third group advocates a more Catholic and at the same time more socially progressive course that might bring the obviously weakened M.R.P. (*Mouvement Républicain Populaire*) into a de Gaulle party. In social reform, this faction is not so far from the Malraux wing, although it does not like to mention the corporate state. Its members are not opposed to outlawing the Communist Party, but above all they want to outbid the Communists' attraction to the workers. On the subject of basic government reform, they have maintained a rather discreet silence. Their moving spirit is Thierry d'Argenlieu, a wartime admiral now in a monastery, and much of their support has come from M.R.P. members who went over to de Gaulle.

Surrounded by these three groups, General de Gaulle has so far avoided showing a marked preference for any.

The revolutionary wing is the most dynamic and well-organized of the three. Moreover, it could easily join forces with the Catholic wing. Here we have the focal point of the de Gaulle movement, because the revolutionary wing cannot aim at anything short of the responsibility of power. The *inter-groupe* faction is, from de Gaulle's viewpoint, the least reliable.

The men who, at one time or another, have been in de Gaulle's brain trust

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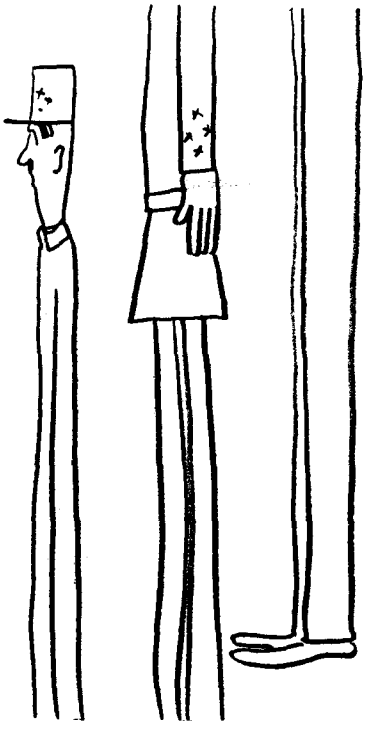
With a very few exceptions, its members belong to another party as well (Radical, Independent, or P.R.L.) because the last parliamentary election took place before the de Gaulle movement started. These few represent the views of a wavering mass of Frenchmen, which ebbs and flows according to the General's chances of success. The volatile supporters might well satisfy their ambitions outside or against the de Gaulle movement; as long as they are in it they want to control rather than to serve it.

The word "fascism" is flung about so promiscuously that it can scarcely be used for purposes of definition. Even Léon Blum is a fascist in Communist eyes. But if we stick to the original concept of fascism, which is unchecked totalitarian authority, then de Gaulle's movement, at the stage it is at now, cannot be called fascist. It proclaims that it does not want to take power except by the popular will, expressed in a free election. (It may be objected, of course, that if the de Gaullists were in the saddle they might refuse to step down in response to the will of the electorate.) The de Gaullist movement is not, in the traditional sense of the word, reactionary; it is nationalist but not traditionalist, and prefers to shape the future without reverting to the past. Long before other French leaders, de Gaulle stood up for Western European unity. He believes that a European Union, while closely cooperating with England, must inevitably center about France. The defense of Europe, he thinks, cannot be entrusted to a nation which looks at Europe primarily in terms of evacuating from it.

The critical attitude of the de Gaullists toward democracy is, as we have noted, the starting-off point of their movement. They feel—and they are not alone in Europe—that republican institutions fail to represent them; that the political parties have assumed too much power; that there is a gap between the real country (*pays réel*) and the political country (*pays politique*). And, of course, once revision of democracy begins, it can go a long way. It can even eliminate democracy altogether. Yet let us keep in mind that dissatisfaction with the present machinery of democracy is so widespread in France and elsewhere that if we forget it we may some day be surprised by the outburst that it may lead up to.

De Gaulle does not arouse the same enthusiasm in France that Hitler did in Germany when he came to power; and a *coup d'état* seems unlikely—now. But a large number of Frenchmen are alarmingly mistrustful of their political parties, of their government, and of their political institutions. The average Frenchman asks nothing better than to believe that the institutions to which he has been accustomed can, with some slight adjustment, be put into working order. But the fact is that he cannot easily make himself believe it. He is tired of hearing about the Fourth Republic, which was to be so far superior to the Third. He is weary of the exaggerated claims put forward by those who took part in the Resistance and of theoretical debates on thorny problems, which never arrive at any practical solution. And the wearier he grows the more prone he is to ask whether things might not go better with somebody like de Gaulle.

Whether or not the de Gaullist movement comes to power, and what it would do if it did, depends on much more than de Gaulle; it depends on the Third Force. The average Frenchman does not expect miracles, but he does want to be governed with a moderate amount of efficiency. If the Third Force can live up to this modest expectation, de Gaullism may lose ground and eventually break up altogether.



Among American war aims was the restoration of democracy in Europe, and with this aim most Europeans have so far been in agreement. But in certain European countries the existence of a fairly big and well-organized Communist Party has raised problems that democratic government seems unable to cope with. It is not enough to set up a freely elected Parliament and let it debate to its heart's content. In times as critical as these a Parliament must demonstrate that it can legislate and can see to it that its legislation is carried into action. If the Americans do not realize the state of things, the propped-up European democracies can constitute at best a sort of tottering alliance, kept together by fear of Russia and dependence on America.

The general tendency among those few Americans (and there are too few of them) who examine European problems is to care more for form than for substance. What matters, they say, is for a country to have a duly elected democratic Parliament. And if this Parliament fails to function now, it cannot help functioning in the long run, if the experience of several centuries is worth anything.

There could be no more serious mistake. In many European countries there is no time to wait and see how democracy will eventually overcome its troubles. Today America has the strongest influence over Europe—not only material, but also, if the Americans care to use it, political. If Americans exercise this influence properly, they can convince European political leaders of the necessity of solving the most urgent problems before them. Squabbles and bickerings inside or among democratic parties are of little use. Governments have to govern, taxes have to be collected, and parliaments have to enact laws that can be enforced. It is somehow up to the American representatives in Europe to lift the morale of the confused, despondent, or sometimes just desperately tired European leaders. Otherwise discontent and mistrust will grow and may easily lead to violent solutions—against parliaments or even against democracy. These solutions may be determined by the need to find a way to cope with Communism. Short of war, they cannot be Communist solutions.

—A European Correspondent

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Billions for Defense

Are they too little, too much, or—perhaps—too late?

Between the first of July, 1949, and June 30, 1950, the National Military Establishment will spend 14.2 billion dollars, more or, most improbably, less. This will be approximately 34 per cent of all expenditures of the Federal government, about half as much again as the entire expenditures of the Federal government in the years when conservatives were lamenting the profligate spending of the New Deal, and twice as much as was disbursed in the fiscal year 1917-18 on a reasonably hot war.

These sums are a good clue to the responsibilities that President Truman's friend, Louis A. Johnson, assumed when he became Secretary of Defense. A better one is the common conviction that the people of the United States will not be getting very much for their money. This conviction appears frequently and stubbornly inside and outside the armed services. Last autumn, military men were talking freely and seriously of a thirty-billion dollar budget for the fiscal year 1949-50. Certainly no Army, Navy, or Air Force officer who argued for such an appropriation can possibly suppose that more than semi-security will be provided by fourteen or fifteen billion dollars.

Without doubt, most civilians have come to about the same conclusion. They are aware that an army of ten divisions and some miscellaneous units —our present Army—does not qualify as one of the big battalions with which God is said to side. The Navy has carefully spread the news that most of its ships are in mothballs, and the Air Force has kept reminding us that it does not have the magic seventy groups without which, they assure us, we are not "safe." It is worth inquiring why we are paying so much for so little. One part of the answer, on which some alarming evidence has been accumulated in recent months, is an apparently devastating inefficiency in the military establishment. "The military services are far too prodigal with government funds," the Hoover Commission task force concluded last autumn. "We can no longer attain a reasonable degree of national security unless the philosophy of waste gives way to a philosophy of economy."

The philosophy behind the military budget is that of total war. Universal military training is recommended. Total mobilization of manpower, machinery, and resources is contemplated. The Joint Chiefs of Staff think in terms of a war lasting ten, twenty, or thirty years. Obviously we cannot afford to be defeated in a total war. But could we afford the cost of victory? As victor after a prodigious and costly struggle, we should have either to set up a Russian (shall we say) Recovery Administration, spending huge sums through military government or the State Department, or to see starving revolutionary masses rove through Asia.

These considerations do not seem to have carried weight with the shapers of national defense policy. Nor is there any sign in the 1950 budget of real basic changes of strategic concept as a result of the enormous military and social significance of the atomic bomb.

It is a conventional defense budget. The heads of each department, as in duty bound, ask for everything they think they can get to enable them to wage successfully the type of struggle in which our leaders anticipate we may become involved.

Nobody knows, and so the nation gets very little for its money. The budget in fact tries to provide for three armed services. One of them is complete: fleet, ground, and air forces, cosily integrated under a single command. This is the Navy. The Army is less richly endowed; it recently conceded its sea transport to the Navy. It does still have a minute air component, chiefly for artillery spotting and ground liaison. The Air Force has no fleet or ground forces, and depends on the Army for its supply services.

At first glance the 1950 military budget appears slightly larger than this year's which, including the increases voted after the President's emergency appeal of March 17 last year, was $14,039,000,000. The 1950 budget asks for $14,218,200,000. But this is an apparent increase only—$830,000,000 is for contingent items of pay increases and new housing. The new budget, in fact, is 5.9 per cent smaller than the old one. It represents the Administration's first admission to the nation that the emergency that made the President hurry to Congress thirteen months ago no longer exists. It is now known that the scare was caused by intelligence indicating that there was a fifty-fifty chance that the cold war would turn into a hot one. Subsequent information made this event seem much less likely.

But apparently Mr. Truman failed to tell the fighting services that. They put their needs, on the fifty-fifty assumption, at thirty billions. They were sharply told that this was far too much. They then worked out a minimum program which came to about seventeen and a half billions.

The Budget Bureau passed on the bad news that this also was too extravagant, and that the total could be no more than fifteen billions. The services then did the obvious thing. They put their axes to work. A committee of three—Major General George J. Richards, Vice Admiral Robert B. Carney, and General Joseph T. McNarney—

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trimmed the requests to a neatly matching pattern of 4.5 billions for the Army; 4.3 billions for the Navy; and 4.6 billions for the Air Force; 13.4 billions, excluding the contingent items.

The major items are: military personnel support, $4,751 millions; maintenance and operation, $3,743 millions; major procurement and production, $3,017 millions; other expenditures, $1,877 millions.

The apparent equality of the division hides the heavy contribution of the Army to servicing the Air Force. The appropriation itself hides the reductions in service personnel which were decided upon when the emergency planning was quietly discarded.

Here is the comparison, worked up by the Secretary of Defense in January, of the numbers of men and women in the three services in the 1949 fiscal year, and the numbers requested for 1950 (in thousands):

	1949	1950	% Cut
Navy & Marine Corps	552	527	4.6
Army	790	677	15.6
Air Force.....	444.5	412	7.3
	1,786.5	1,616	9.17
(Air Force by groups	66	48	27.3)

The numbers appropriated for in the 1949 planning were not reached. Before the plans for expansion were fully effective, the fever died out and they were quietly dropped. The budget now shows how completely Mr. Truman has changed his mind. It also shows that the money has gone down 5.9 per cent and the personnel 9.17, which indicates that overhead is affected relatively slightly by the cut, and personnel disproportionately much.

The most important factor in the cost of the cold war has undoubtedly been the hot struggle of the three services, which were neither unified nor coordinated, but only liaisoned, by the National Security Act of 1947. This struggle, which Secretary Forrestal called intense in his first annual report last December, seems to have made all important disputes among the three services subject to approximately the same processes of settlement as those that ended the war between Israel and Egypt. Key West and Newport were the Rhodes, the Secretary of Defense was the patient Dr. Bunche. At no time has it been certain that any truce negotiated between the Air Force and the Navy would stick.

The military budget is not adequate to support three establishments. They have all been living off their fat since the war. It has been consumed. The Navy, for example, has nearly come to the end of its stock of batteries for sonar buoys—an important weapon in its first-priority task of dominating the submarine. A dismayingly high percentage of those used during the recent maneuvers in the Caribbean turned out to be defective. And age and defectiveness, in military supplies, are not limited to sonar buoys. The ground forces have not received a single truck or car since 1945. Many vehicles withdrawn from stock have to be entirely rewired after their first week of use. Two factories have been built in Germany to cannibalize old trucks and to manufacture spare parts that are no longer being produced by American manufacturers.

The budget does not, of course, give away the peculiarities in the individual services, concealed by the diverse systems of accounting that have grown up over the years in the Army and Navy. The Air Force is yet another matter.

A case in point is Research and Development. On paper the Army will spend $112 millions for this, the Navy $203 millions, and the Air Force $215 millions. But in fact the Navy is more likely to be spending around $300 millions, and on a comparable accounting basis the Air Force perhaps no more than $150 millions.

The Navy does a great amount of research that is lumped in with the cost of each ship it builds. And its outlay on research looks lower because it only charges the services of the actual research specialists themselves—and even removes their salaries from the Research and Development rolls while they are on vacation. Office help is charged to another account. The Air Force on the other hand includes under this head buildings, heating, office help, janitors, guards, everything. The Research and Development Board cannot tell within 50 per cent what the several services are spending on research, or how they are apportioning such funds as they are known or suspected to be spending. The Board would like to come within ten per cent to maintain an effective control on emphasis. As it stands, if the Board decided that guided missiles were the thing to concentrate on, and the Navy thought Anti-Submarine Warfare, the chances are that the Navy would stress ASW anyway.

Responsibility for improvement rests on individual members of the services. Most of all, it is a task for Secretary Johnson and the secretaries of the three services. Mr. Johnson's position is a relatively happy one. He is not held responsible for the faults now being criticized, for, in acordance with a well-rooted American tradition, he must be assumed competent and capable of putting things right until he proves the contrary.

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Books

Education for What?

Sometimes it happens that what seems best for the country is the enemy of what seems good, particularly when we go headlong after the best, determined to get nothing but the best. A shocking instance of this is brought to our attention by a well-documented, drily-written book, *Education for an Industrial Age,* by Professors Alfred Kähler and Ernest Hamburger of the New School for Social Research, which has been published by the Cornell University Press. It shows that two persistent American ambitions — to give the best possible education to all citizens and to increase their material wealth—have begun to run counter to each other. It presents reasons for believing that if the United States continues to educate children the way it does now, its industries will have a difficult time maintaining their present volume of production, let alone expanding it—not to mention exporting technical skill, as we are talking about doing, to other countries.

The book is like a broad mountain range, with towering peaks of statistics and impassable valleys of footnotes. The findings it contains are worth the search, however; the most compelling one is that our schools are not turning out a sufficient number of trained workers to keep the American economy adequately manned at the key technical and manual levels.

This conclusion follows from a few of the authors' numerous sets of figures:

A good many of the craftsmen in the U. S. are more than forty-five years old. For every twelve of those soon to be replaced in each of the following categories, replacements are being trained for eight electrical workers, four sheet-metal workers, three machinists, not quite one building-trades worker, and one-fifth of one tool-and-die maker.

To approach the problem in another way, the present distribution of employment in the United States indicates that 70 per cent of the children in high school who go to work at all will end up in technical or manual occupations. Four per cent are now attending industrial or trade schools; six per cent are being prepared for agriculture; eight per cent are concentrating on courses, ambiguously designated as home economics, that cultivate household virtues. The education of the remaining 80-odd per cent is limited to one form or another of the liberal arts, or to the routine varieties of white-collar work. Even if we rule out schoolgirls whose only ambitions are to become housewives at the earliest possible moment, it is clear that our schools are

not aware of American industrial requirements.

Putting together statistics like these, the authors come to the broad and, it appears, incontrovertible conclusion that the United States is replenishing scarcely half of its total skilled labor force.

The figures hit against a vague and at the same time deeply-rooted belief of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries —that technological progress would relieve an increasing number of men from sheer manual labor, would remove an increasing number from farm and factory to office and laboratory. When machines first began to replace men, it was thought that they would continue to do so at an ever-increasing pace. But, as it became advanced, technology broke its promise. The ratio of manual, unskilled, and semi-skilled workers to all wage-earners in the United States has declined only a negligible four per cent in the last forty years.

The reasons why technological advances have failed to reduce the amount of manual work that Americans have to do are complex. One is that almost every time a labor-saving technique has been introduced into an industry, new industries crop up to service that one. Another is that demand for all kinds of products — in both domestic and foreign markets — has increased steadily. In good times, labor that has been saved in one industry is taken up in no time at all by another industry.

With a perfectly natural impulse to protect his son, if not himself, from the dreariness of the assembly line, the American parent has given more consideration to what he would like his son to be than to what his son can be. He is vaguely aware that the country requires physical laborers but is resolved that his son will not be among them. Many children who will unquestionably have to work with their hands are taught that they must keep out of overalls and away from grease.

The error that begins in the family is compounded by the schools. Whether American educators have entertained unrealistic hopes or accepted untrustworthy theories, they have, in fact, ignored the necessity of supplying the factories with the proper types and quantities of workers. Trade and industrial education is more extensive than it was a couple of decades ago,

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when it was almost completely neglected by the school system, but it still constitutes only four per cent of the entire public education program—and virtually none of the private. Liberal arts are heavily emphasized in the schools, while technological skills are deliberately overlooked. The implication, to the student, is that manual work is undesirable, that desk work is the only worthy pursuit. As far as desk work is concerned, the schools have been moderately realistic. They offer and stress courses in typing, stenography, accounting, and the like—understanding that most students will eventually have to put up with the less attractive varieties of white-collar work. Otherwise, the schools foster the illusion that hammering a typewriter is preferable — in money, leisure, and stimulation—to tightening a bolt. They are dedicated to the production of swarms of half-cultivated white-collar workers.

The achievements of the American educational system are certainly imposing. The United States has insisted upon formal schooling for proportionately more children, over more years of their lives, than any other nation. Almost three-quarters of the young people in this country remain in school until they are seventeen. A tenth of the children of Europe are in school at fourteen; the rest go to work. To Europeans, the secondary school is a badge of class. To us, it is a matter of course, sometimes compulsion.

It is a well-known fact that fascism in Europe thrived on the discontent of frustrated white-collar workers. Roughly 750,000 youths in this country leave high school each year, expecting to enter the exalted world of the adding machine and the business suit. Many of them are forced to turn to manual or technical labor, and they do so frequently without preparation and with a sense of defeat.

Many of them would be happier and more rooted if they had learned crafts at school. Only a small fraction have. A few others can become apprentices after their formal education is finished, but the chances are rigidly restricted, partly because of the waspish attitudes of the old craft unions and partly because the United States does not, in modern times, take to a system of instruction by indenture.

The United States has avoided a serious labor shortage up to now by importing manpower. Until the 1920's, between half a million and a million foreign workers were admitted each year. It would be hard to overestimate the skill they had in their hands, and the determination they had in their heads to get settled and make good. Great numbers of them did the rough work that Americans preferred not to do. Many more performed the skilled work that few Americans knew how to do. They were often superb craftsmen —cabinetmakers, tailors, metalworkers, brewmasters.

The United States has legislated immigration down from a torrent to a trickle. The proportion of foreign to native factory labor was 28 per cent in 1920, 15 per cent in 1940. It is still going down. Even the 400,000 displaced persons whose fate is tossing from Congress to the White House and back would not increase it appreciably.

As long as immigration lasted, along with forests, mineral deposits, the open West, the United States could afford to be wanton. Now we can no longer contentedly visualize limitless resources, countless wealth, endless manpower. And we are faced with the inescapable fact that three-quarters of our working population is, and will continue to be, engaged in manual and technical labor.

The place to start facing up to the facts is the classroom. It goes without saying that we do not want to educate less, to divide the population into patricians and helots. But there is nothing to prevent us from educating more and better, from adding to liberal arts a more practical preparation for work. Some educators may suspect class distinction in increasing the amount of vocational training for many students —but not if the vocational and humanist elements in the curriculum are well balanced.

We might enlarge our vocational schools, consider them rather as schools of applied science, and attempt to draw more students with a technological knack into them. Instead of insisting that academic subjects constitute no more than a quarter of their curriculum, as Federal law does now, we might insist that a quarter be a minimum. The courses could be adjusted so that vocational school students could go on to college if they chose.

At academic high schools and colleges, the problem is more difficult. Probably a greater amount of technical training should accompany the humanities, but we have already had unfortunate experiences in trying to accomplish too much on both sides, diluting the whole and succeeding in neither. We might do better if we made a broad, frank division of the field, started a good many more technical institutes, gave them an ample measure of humanistic studies, and granted them equal recognition.

In the final analysis, no matter how many facilities are provided, the student's choice of future will depend largely upon the social values that have been drilled into him. Young people will not go eagerly into technical and manual work unless it offers dignity, material ease, and an acceptable social status. We have already endowed manual labor with a measure of material ease through collective bargaining and legislative reform. But we can go one step forward. There is no reason to boggle at the final point: that there is nothing wrong with being a factory worker that being an educated factory worker won't cure. We had better reconcile ourselves with all the facts, for there can never be training enough for all the jobs that Americans must accomplish, at home and abroad. We had also better act fast, if we don't want restless hordes of vocational D.P.'s roaming about in our midst.

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